



25719
Apr. 12 .99.

OCT 2 1899

COLLIER'S WEEKLY

AN ILLUSTRATED

JOURNAL OF ART

LITERATURE AND

CURRENT EVENTS



COPYRIGHT 1899 BY PETER FENELON COLLIER ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

VOL TWENTY-THREE NO 26

NEW YORK SEPTEMBER 30 1899

PRICE TEN CENTS



DRAWN BY H. REUTERDAHL

"F.D.G.S.—C.D.T."

A MERCHANT BARK OFF THE JERSEY COAST HOISTING THE CODE SIGNAL "YOU WILL BE VERY WELCOME, ADMIRAL!"
AS THE HOME-COMING FLAGSHIP "OLYMPIA" PASSED IN ON HER WAY TO NEW YORK

COLLIER'S

An Illustrated
Journal of ArtLiterature and
Current Events

WEEKLY

EUROPEAN AGENTS

LONDON—The International News Company, 5
Breems Buildings, Chancery Lane, E. C.

PARIS—Brentano's, 37 Avenue de l'Opera.

LEIPZIG—The International News Company, Ste-
phanstrasse 18.

EDITORIAL AND GENERAL OFFICES

521-547 West Thirtieth Street
518-524 West Fourteenth Street
NEW YORK CITY

TO CONTRIBUTORS

MANUSCRIPTS: The Editor will not hold himself responsible for return of unsolicited manuscripts unaccompanied by stamped, addressed envelopes. He will, however, do all in his power to read and, if unavailable, return manuscripts sent him for consideration.

PHOTOGRAPHS: The Art Director will be pleased to receive photographs of important current events (and these should invariably be accompanied by FULL DESCRIPTIVE MATTER, with name and address of the sender written upon the reverse of the photograph). If available for publication such contributions will be liberally paid for.

DRAWINGS: Unsolicited drawings are received at the owner's risk, and will be returned only when fully prepaid.

TO SUBSCRIBERS

NECESSARY DELAY IN MAILING: From one to three weeks must necessarily elapse—dependent upon the distance from New York—from date of subscription until subscribers receive the first paper sent by mail. The subscription commences with the date of the first paper received.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS: Notice of non-receipt of paper should be sent to the publication office. In case of change of address, send us your ledger number, which appears on the wrapper.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE, including Premium Books, \$5.00 Per Year.

On Sale at All News-stands

Price Ten Cents

New York September Thirtieth 1899

IT IS TO BE HOPED that the majesty and beauty of the Dewey Triumphant Arch will so impress the citizens of New York as to impel them to perpetuate it in marble. Thus far, the greatest of American cities has but one example of this imposing type of memorial. A permanent adornment of the kind would be eminently suited to Madison Square, the meeting-place of Broadway and Fifth Avenue, the two finest thoroughfares in the metropolis, and, in respect of length, the most remarkable in the world. Among business streets, Broadway has no rival, nor, indeed, is there any that approaches it closely, while the Champs Elysées, the Unter den Linden and the Nevesky Prospekt, broad and stately as they are, seem short indeed beside Fifth Avenue. The embellishment of the latter thoroughfare, admirably begun with the Washington Arch, would be fitly continued by the arch commemorating Dewey's victory at Cavité, and a third monument of the same type should be ultimately erected nearly two miles further north. The name and the place of the third arch will at once suggest themselves. The name should be that of Abraham Lincoln, and the place should be the Plaza, where Fifth Avenue is intersected by Fifty-ninth Street. It may be that the owners of the Hotel Netherland or of the Savoy would object to the erection of an arch that should exactly span the Avenue in front of their premises, lest many of their windows should be cut off from the light and the view. If such objections were deemed insuperable, the arch might be placed in the middle of the Plaza, fronting the entrance to Central Park. We will build the Lincoln Arch, however, when we come to it. The thing to be done to-day is to secure the subscriptions needed to reproduce the Dewey Arch in stone. Perhaps the whole sum required may be furnished by a single donor. There is no gift for which his fellow-citizens would be more grateful to Mr. William K. Vanderbilt, to whose father, William H. Vanderbilt, they are indebted for the obelisk.

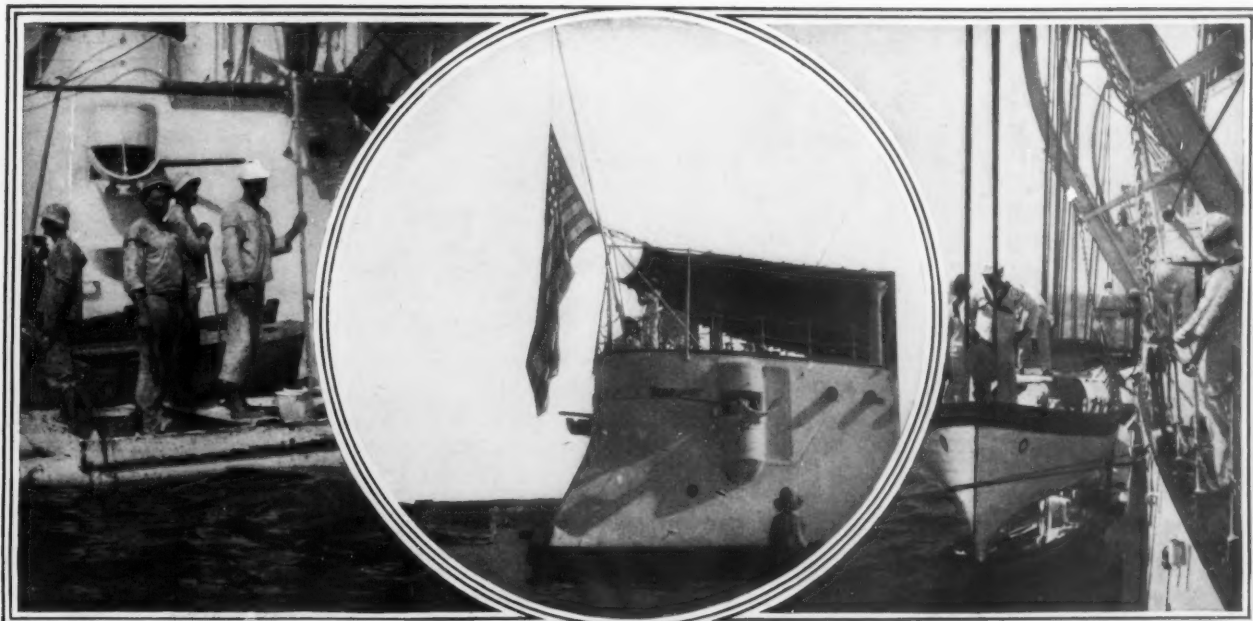
IT IS BECAUSE the people of the United States now know much more about the Philippines than they did a year ago that the suppression of Aguinaldo's insurrection before the end of the next dry season has become the most urgent business of the Administration, if it wishes to see the Republican party successful in 1900. Times have changed since the victory at Cavité in the beginning of May, 1898, when few

Americans, even in the State Department, were more conversant with the social and political conditions of the Philippine archipelago than they are now with the state of things that obtains at the North Pole. We now know, because a multitude of first-hand observers, including Mr. Schurman of the Philippines Commission, has told us that the Tagals, to whom the opposition to our assumption of sovereignty is, practically, restricted, constitute but a fraction of the population of the archipelago, and, indeed, only a part of the inhabitants of the single island of Luzon. If this be true, and nobody disputes it, the more shame to us that we have been unable to establish our authority over the Tagals during the period that has elapsed since the conclusion at Paris, in December, 1898, of the treaty by which the Philippines were ceded to the United States. Everybody acknowledges that our soldiers are brave and that they have been well handled by the officers in the field; who, then, is responsible for the fact that the majority of the places captured have had to be abandoned, and that our troops are now confined within an area bounded by a short radius around the city of Manila? The commander-in-chief, General Otis, cannot absolve himself from the blame on the ground that he did not have troops enough, because, but for his reiterated assertion that he needed only 30,000 men, large reinforcements would have been despatched long ago. Either he was incompetent to determine the number of soldiers required, or, having an adequate number, he failed to turn them to account. How is it possible for him, or for those who continue him in his command, to escape this alternative? The War Department has chosen to accept the former horn of the dilemma, and, since it came under the control of Secretary Root, has arranged to place no fewer than 65,000 men in the Philippines before the beginning of the dry season now not distant. Should Otis fail a second time, the responsibility for the failure will fall entirely upon the Secretary of War and the President, for the country will justly hold that they had ample warning of their agent's incapacity, and deliberately ignored it.

IT IS EXPECTED that, before the present number of COLLIER'S WEEKLY is in the reader's hands, the military court of review at Paris will have considered the decision of the Rennes court-martial. The sentence is alleged to have been faulty in form, inasmuch as it contains no reference to the measures of surveillance which are to be taken during the convict's imprisonment, nor to the conditions of residence which are to be imposed upon him after his release. Whether or no defective technically, it is, obviously, unreasonable in substance. Dreyfus is either innocent or guilty. If innocent, he should have been acquitted. If, on the other hand, he committed the crime of which he was convicted in 1894, he is just as guilty now as he was then, and the sentence of the first court-martial should have been reaffirmed. The crime of treason does not admit of qualification, yet it was a verdict of guilty with extenuating circumstances which was practically rendered by the Rennes tribunal when its members signally reduced the term of imprisonment and petitioned for a remission of the preliminary degradation. They cannot logically take into account the sufferings which the convict has already endured; for, in a soldier's eyes, death itself would be no excessive penalty for an officer's betrayal of his country's military secrets to a power which has been in the past, and may again become, its enemy. The truth, of course, is that the sentence of the Rennes court-martial was a compromise, two of the judges being convinced of the innocence of the accused, while a third judge shared their opinion, but was ultimately won over to the majority by a promise to mitigate the penalty in all possible ways. There seems, therefore, to be ground enough for a modification, if not a reversal, of the sentence by the military court of review. This, however, is a permanently organized body, made up of officers higher in rank than those who composed the Rennes court-martial, and, consequently, if we may judge by the conduct of their superiors, even more likely to sacrifice an innocent man to the supposed interests of the General Staff. Assuming, then, that the sentence will be confirmed, to what remedy may we expect to see the friends of Dreyfus have recourse? On the face of the conscience-stricken sentence, viewed in connection with the tortures to which Dreyfus was subjected on Devil's Island, his is manifestly a case that calls for the exercise of the pardoning power, and there is no reason to believe that any violent opposition to a pardon would be offered by the mass of the Anti-Dreyfusards, who are eager to stop the agitation of the affair. It is reported that Premier Waldeck-Rousseau has expressed a willingness to advise President Loubet to

grant a pardon at an early date, provided the friends of Dreyfus will renounce their intention of urging the Minister of Justice to bring about a revision of the sentence by the Court of Cassation. Are they, or is the prisoner himself, likely to assent to such a transaction? A pardon would give Dreyfus his liberty, but it would not rehabilitate his name. Liberty is, probably, of small account to him, for he is said to be dying; what enabled him to bear his sufferings at Devil's Island, and what upholds him now, is the passionate desire to clear his memory, and leave no stigma upon his children. It is not fair to tell him that, if he wants liberty, he must take it, coupled with ineffaceable dishonor. It must, at the same time, be owned that the Cabinet headed by M. Waldeck-Rousseau is in a most precarious position, and is, perhaps, too weak to meet the full requirements of equity. It dare not provoke the army, because it has not the people and the people's representatives behind it. On the contrary, it is almost certain to be defeated on the reassembling of the French Parliament in December. Yet it might have to provoke the army, should it bring about a revision of the sentence of the Rennes court-martial by the Court of Cassation, and should the latter supreme tribunal declare Dreyfus to be innocent. If Dreyfus is innocent, the Generals who conspired against him must be guilty, and the duty of proceeding against them could not be evaded. Such is the distressing quandary in which French champions of justice are placed by the fact that the French nation in May, 1898, returned an immense majority of Anti-Revisionists to the Chamber of Deputies.

AT THE HOUR when we write, American public opinion seems opposed to offering moral support to an attempt on England's part to enforce by a threat of war important changes in the franchise laws of the South African Republic. That is to say, well-informed Americans are disposed to occupy the same ground which is taken by Alfred R. Wallace, Frederic Harrison and many conspicuous British Liberals, who hold that whatever the claim of British suzerainty may amount to, it certainly does not involve the right to interfere with the internal government of the Transvaal. The conditions on which the franchise may be exercised lie, obviously, at the root of any country's internal government. So far as England's claim to suzerainty may be considered as defined in the Convention of 1884, it must be looked for in Article IV., which simply provides that no treaty or agreement can be concluded by the South African Republic with any native tribe, or with any foreign power, except the Orange Free State, without the sanction of Great Britain. This article, evidently, does not bestow the right to prescribe the terms on which suffrage shall be conferred, and it is doubtful whether the most elastic definition of suzerainty can be so stretched as to cover such a privilege. The assumption of such a right, however, is evidently involved in the latest communication addressed by Mr. Chamberlain, Secretary for the Colonies, to President Krüger, which, if not in form, is, in substance, an ultimatum. In the conference at Bloemfontein, Sir Alfred Milner, the British High Commissioner, had contented himself with requesting, as a minimum concession, one-fifth of the members of the Volksraad. The present number of members in that body is twenty-eight, and it is plain that Sir Alfred Milner's demand would have been satisfied by the concession of seven members to the inhabitants of the gold fields. Mr. Chamberlain now insists that the number of members shall be increased to thirty-six, of which one-quarter—that is to say nine members—shall be allotted to the Outlanders, and that five years' residence shall entitle resident aliens to naturalization, the latter provision to be retroactive. He also insists that the terms of the law embodying this concession shall be settled at a conference between Sir Alfred Milner and a representative of the Transvaal, lest what is given in block may be taken back piecemeal by a number of special qualifications and restrictions. There is no doubt that the younger Boers would rather face the risks of war than submit to such a flagrant interference with their acknowledged right of internal self-government. President Krüger, however, knows that, without the active assistance of the Orange Free State and of the Afrikaner element in the Cape Colony, it would be impossible for the Transvaal permanently to resist Great Britain. He is said to have received earnest advice from both Bloemfontein and Capetown that it would be wiser to accept Mr. Chamberlain's virtual ultimatum, however unwarranted he may think it in international law, than to provoke a conflict in which the Boers must ultimately succumb to vastly superior force.



SIDE-CLEANERS ON THE CATAMARAN

MORNING COLORS

HOISTING IN BOATS

THE ADMIRAL'S FLAGSHIP—A BIT OF THE "OLYMPIA'S" HISTORY

WERE THE United States naval authorities called upon to construct a new *Olympia* it is not probable, so perfect were the original plans, that any considerable changes would be attempted. Possibly a slight increase in length and width would be suggested, but even with the enormous practical experience gained in the late war, when theories of construction were subjected to the severe test of actual service, it is more than likely that the new *Olympia* would be to all intents and purposes an almost perfect fac-simile of the old. Dewey's famous cruiser, which headed the conquering squadron past Corregidor, must ever occupy a unique and conspicuous place in naval annals. The amazing victory, bloodless and conclusive, which so astonished the world and threw seventy millions of sober-minded people into ecstasies of jubilation was made possible by the perfection with which the ironclads of the navy were constructed and designed. The confidence of the men behind the guns was stimulated, not only because they knew they were fighting under a brave and skillful commander, but were themselves aware that no device, no resource of the builders' art had been withheld in the effort to make their ships invulnerable and invincible.

The keel of Dewey's flagship was laid at the Union Iron Works, San Francisco, on the 17th of June, 1891. On the 5th of November, 1892, she was launched in the presence of a vast crowd and with interesting ceremonies. Miss Anna Belle Dickie, a young daughter of George W. Dickie, the great naval constructor, named her, while another young lady, Miss Elsie Lillenthal, officiated at the launch. The preliminary trials of the new cruiser were begun in August, 1893, and the builders' trials occurred in San Francisco Bay in

November. The official trial, with government experts aboard, was made in Santa Barbara channel, on the coast of California, on the 15th day of December, 1893, when under forced draught the *Olympia* made for herself a record of 21.69 knots in a run of four consecutive hours, exceeding by 1.69 knots the contract requirements. It was not until January 26, 1895, that the delivery to the government and her final acceptance occurred, at Mare Island Navy Yard. In the spring of 1895 the *Olympia* left San Francisco as the flagship of the Asiatic Squadron.

The "units" of the *Olympia*—by which is meant the different materials of which she is constructed, as well as the labor involved, reduced to an absolute quantity in order that her actual cost may be computed by her builders as well as for the purpose of affording detailed information to government experts—appear below.

It will be of interest to give in advance, however, the specifications of this most-talked-of ship of modern times. The *Olympia's* construction and equipment are entered in the official records as follows:

She is a steel cruiser of 5,870 tons displacement, 340 feet long, with a beam of 53 feet 1 inch, and 24 feet 10 inches draught. In common with other cruisers of her class, she is equipped with two propellers. Her indicated horse-power is 17,313, and her original equipment gave her four 8-inch and ten 5-inch guns, the latter quick-fire; fourteen 6-pounders, seven 1-pounders, and other smaller guns. She has also six torpedo tubes. Her complement of men is 450. Now for the units:

In the hull of the *Olympia* there are 4,847,570 pounds of steel; of brass, 115,000 pounds; wrought iron, 120,600 pounds; cast iron, 159,400 pounds, and

the steel rivets weigh 315,800 pounds. There were expended on the hull 944,876 hours of labor.

In the machinery there are 1,188,516 pounds of steel, 413,472 pounds of brass, 335,540 pounds of wrought and 379,318 pounds of cast iron, besides 39,800 pounds of steel for nuts and rivets.

The labor in fabricating the machinery amounted to 944,244 hours; so that, presuming such a thing to be possible, it would have taken no less than 1,891,120 men, each working one hour, to have built the *Olympia*. The proportion between the cost of material and labor gives 62 per cent to labor.

The cruiser *Olympia* has some very distinguished company in her class of the 5,000-and-upward-ton cruising ships. Among them are the British second-class *Aurora*, *Galatea*, *Immortalité*, *Narcissus*, and *Undaunted*, and the French *Cecille* and *Pothuau*. The formidable-appearing *Jean Bart* (French) is over 1,000 tons less displacement than the American cruiser. The Russian *Dimitri Donskoi* and the Admiral *Korniloff* are of about the same tonnage as the *Olympia*. This is true also of the German *Freya*, *Hansa*, and *Victoria Luise*.

The German cruiser *Irene*, which made history in Eastern waters during recent years, is short a thousand tons of the *Olympia's* class, but is a faster boat than any of the foreign cruisers (except the German ships), showing 20 knots as against the *Olympia's* 21.69. In building, the admiral's flagship had good yard company, for the concern on the coast that constructed her also built the staunch fighter *Oregon*—now a barnacle-covered "oyster-can" in Manila Bay—the battleships *Ohio* and *Wisconsin*, the monitor *Monterey*, and the cruisers *San Francisco* and *Charleston*.

The cost of the *Olympia* was \$2,040,425. This did not include the cost of armament.



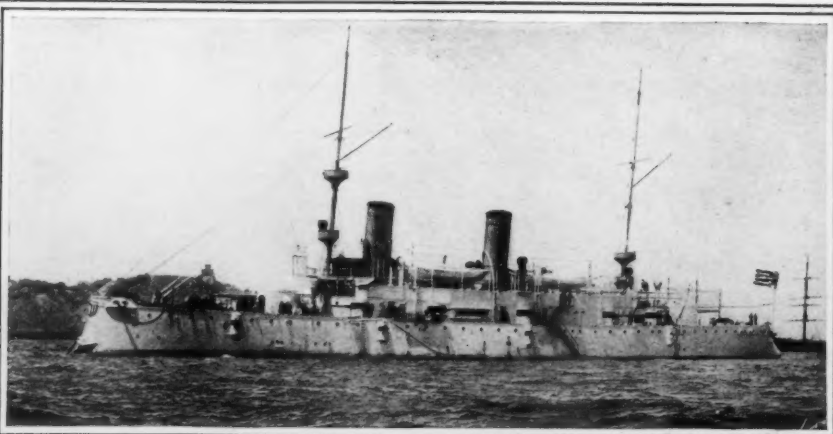
UNROLLING THE COLLISION MAT



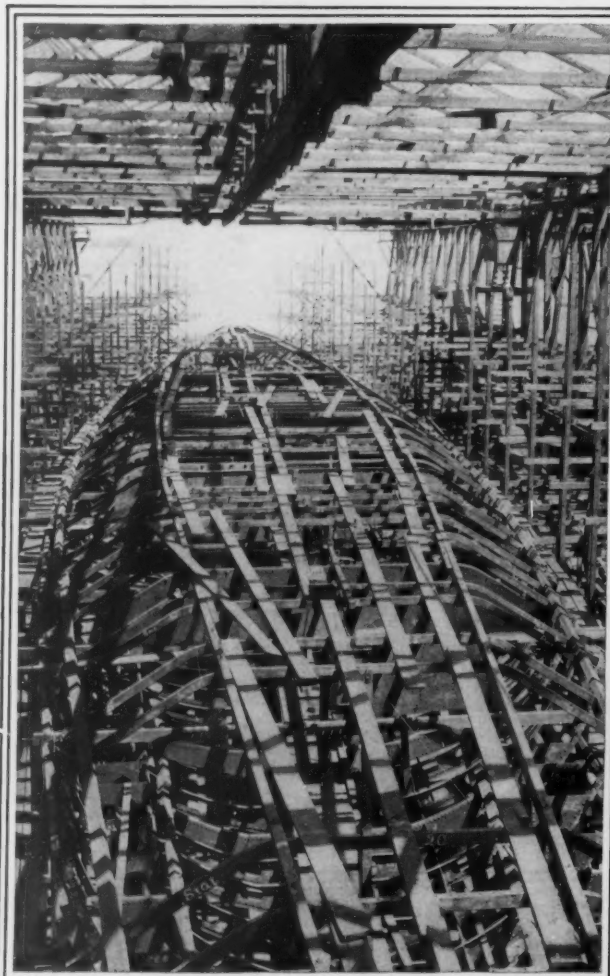
MARINES AT QUARTERS



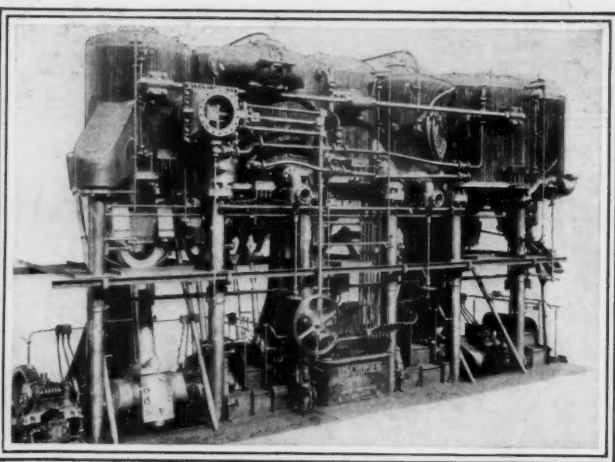
THE "OLYMPIA" IN DRYDOCK



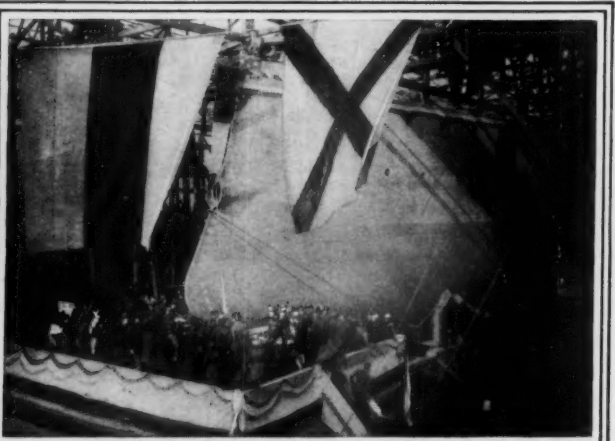
THE "OLYMPIA" LEAVING SAN FRANCISCO FOR THE ASIATIC STATION, IN '95



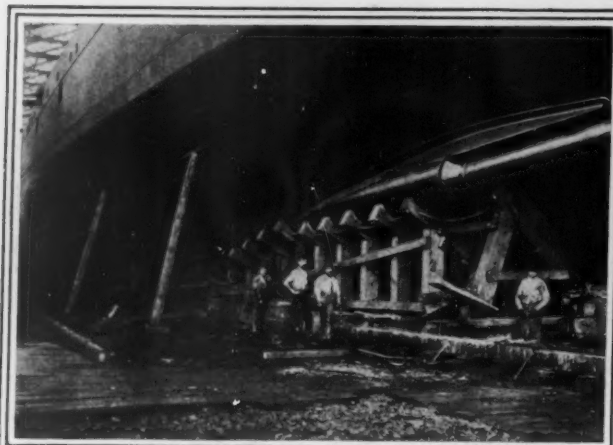
THE CRUISER'S PROTECTED DECK, LOOKING AFT



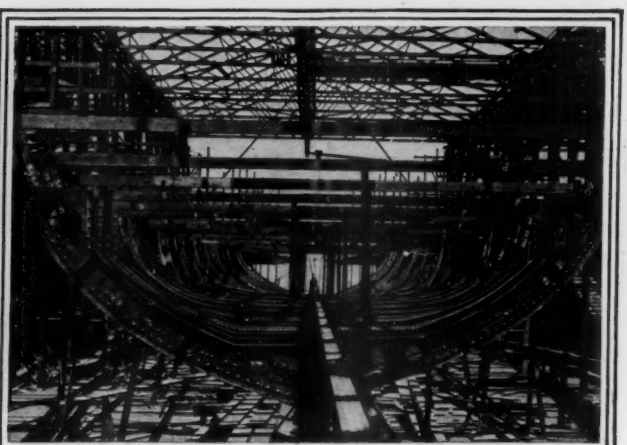
THE CRUISER'S 17,313 HORSE-POWER ENGINES



THE LAUNCH OF THE "OLYMPIA," NOV. 5, '92



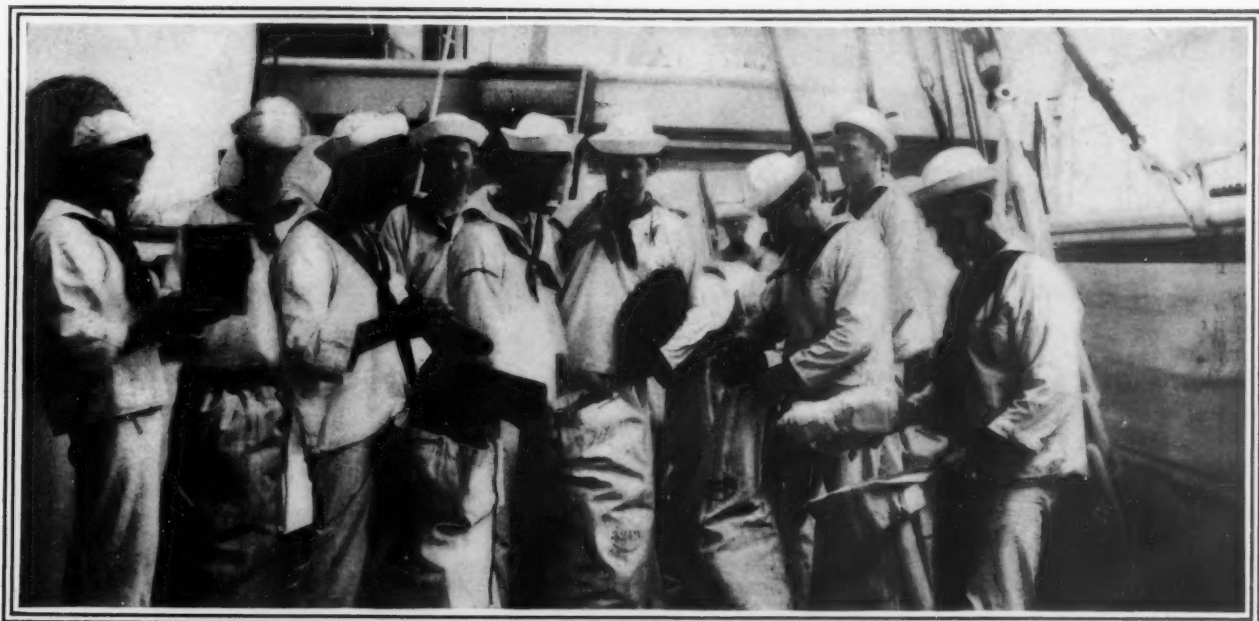
THE SHAFT AND SOCKET OF ONE OF THE PROPELLERS



THE CRUISER'S FRAME, LOOKING AFT ALONG THE KEEL

THE FLAGSHIP OF THE ADMIRAL, HER CONSTRUCTION AND LAUNCH

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR CORRESPONDENTS OF COLLIER'S WEEKLY



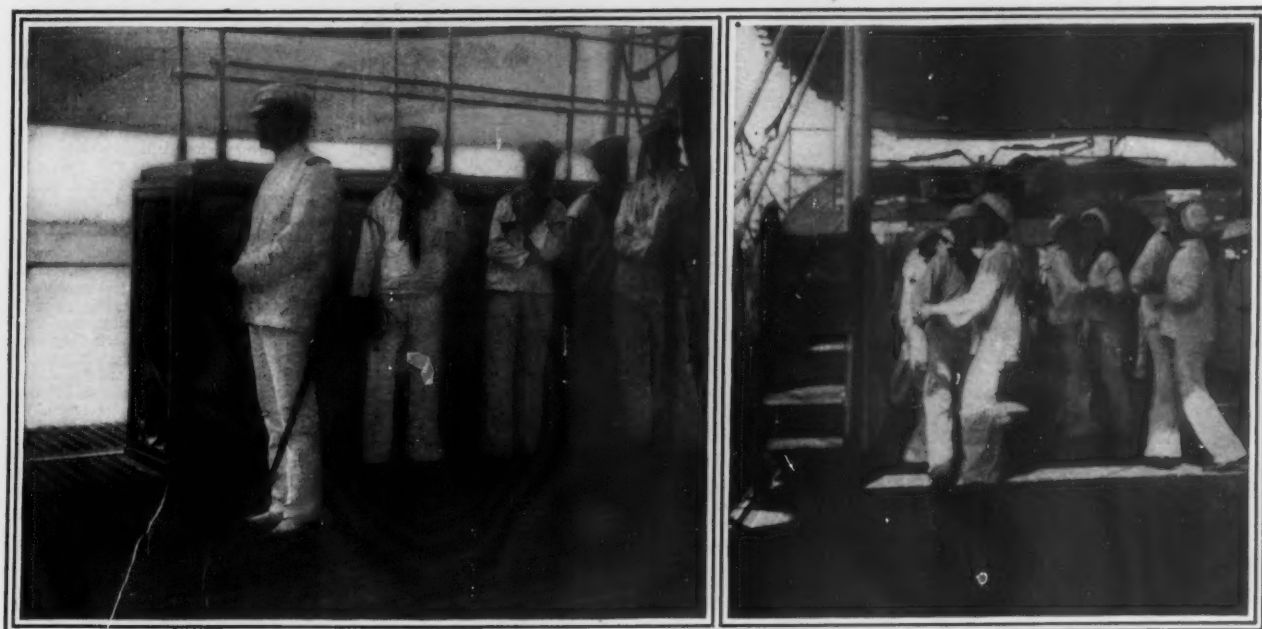
"UP ALL BAGS!" DIVISIONAL INSPECTION OF JACKIES' KITS ON BOARD THE FLAGSHIP



COLLISION MAT UNROLLED

"SAGASTA" AND THE ICE-CREAM MAN

JOHN McDONALD, C. B. M.



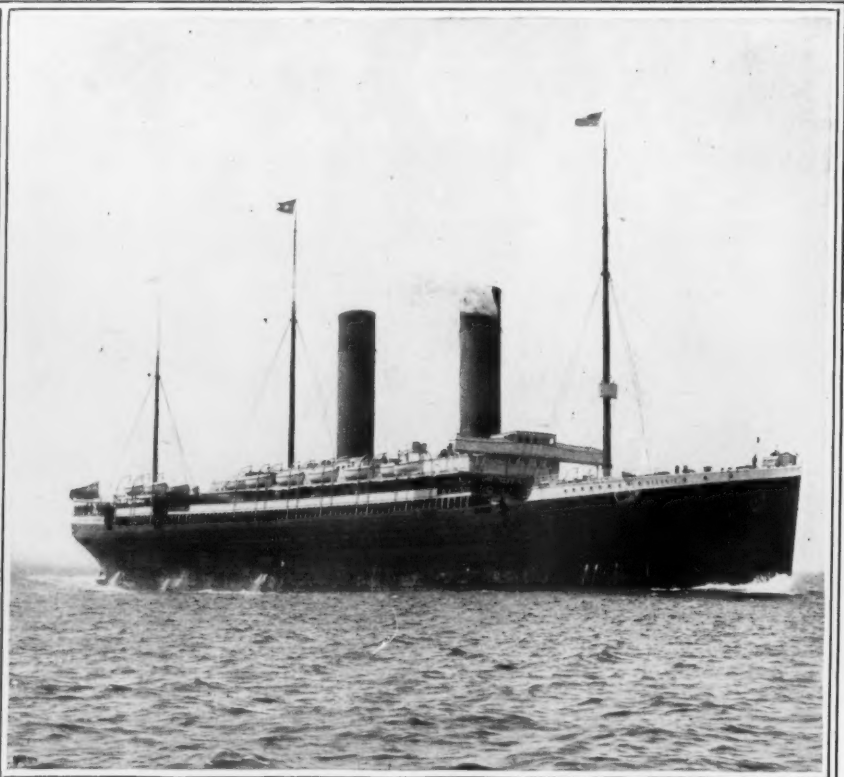
THE EXECUTIVE OFFICER AT GENERAL QUARTERS

STEALING A DANCE TO THE "TIFFIN" BAND

THE FLAGSHIP OF THE ADMIRAL, AS SHE IS TO-DAY

PHOTOGRAPHED BY OUR CORRESPONDENTS DURING THE CRUISER'S STAY AT NAPLES

PHOTOGRAPH BY JAMES H. HARR



AT THE WHITE STAR PIER

SALUTING AS SHE PASSED SANDY HOOK

THE ARRIVAL OF THE WHITE STAR LINER "OCEANIC" AT NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 13

THE "OCEANIC"

ANOTHER STAR—a White one—has appeared on the firmament of Atlantic navigation. The new phenomenon of steel and punctuality (the hard-and-fast schedule time of arrival for the *Oceanic* being 7 A.M. every fourth Wednesday) brought up at Pier 48, on the North River front, for the first time on the morning of September 13. Her maiden trip was accomplished, between Daunt's Rock, at the entrance to Queenstown Harbor, and Sandy Hook, in six days and two and a half hours. Evidently, no record-breaking was attempted; in fact, the White Star officials confessed to three hours' lateness on account of the veridancy of a large number of the crew, occasioned by a seaman's strike in England. The average speed of the marine monster was nineteen knots, although on her fourth day, on which she covered 496 knots, her bow scattered spray at the rate of twenty knots per hour. The estimated 35,000 horse-power of her engines ought to push her pace to at least twenty-three knots. Her indicated horse-power is 28,000, and loaded up she displaces 28,500 tons of water, drawing thirty-two feet. In length between perpendiculars she exceeds the *Great Eastern* by five feet, and her total length is 705 feet; so that to walk the extent of her deck four times each way would equal a constitutional of a long mile. Her width is 68 feet (beam). She is therefore 15 feet narrower than the *Great Eastern*, but is reported to have behaved steadily on her first voyage. In depth she is also inferior to the *Great Eastern*. That lumbering tub, with her 8,000 horse-power engines, developed only a speed of thirteen knots an hour. But some day the *Oceanic* will be broken up for firewood, too.

In the meantime she will, when required to, carry 1,700 passengers from these shores to Britain's, and vice versa. The Cunard twins, the *Campania* and the *Lucania*, have a capacity of 1,800 each, but those boats have somewhat sacrificed the size and therefore the comfort of their cabins to their enormous saloon and fine music-room. The *Oceanic*, if her cabins are more commodious, on the other hand cannot accommodate so many at table, nor has she the agreeable luxury of a music-room. Yet the dining-saloon of the *Oceanic* is a gorgeous apartment. It is 80 feet long by 64 broad. The walls present a surface of solid gold, for the whole of the oak panellings with which they are covered, as well as the massive and handsome fruit moldings round the portholes, are gilded. This gilding does not, however, conceal the grain of the wood. Light penetrates into this room through a glass dome, the walls of which are richly decorated

with symbolical paintings and mottoes, on a background of gold. The furniture in the saloon is mahogany and red velvet, the table-covers are blue, and the crockery and cutlery are of the greatest completeness and elegance; and even the elaborate and luscious menu is printed on an ornate and tasteful card.

A still more striking room is the smoking-room. Its walls are stretched with leather, of which the greenish-gold embossed designs stand out in high relief from a white background. The settees are upholstered with stamped brown morocco, and the tables are of Verona marble. The windows are painted with nautical figures in delicate tints, and are framed between carved mahogany columns and pediments. The kind light of day looks in through a rectangular skylight, whose sides

are ornamented with paintings in monotone, on white. Several oil paintings, representing scenes from the life of Columbus, adorn the walls. The ceilings of both saloon and smoking-room are white enamel with gold relief work. Throughout the first class, the white and gold treatment is adhered to. In the second, the smoking-room is modelled after that in the first, and little inferior to it. The better cabins of the second class are equal to the poorer ones of the first. A large stateroom of the *Oceanic* is found to be provided with a mahogany wardrobe, mirror, sofa, *étagère* with drawers, and folding table—all of the same wood. A fixed wash-basin of colored marble, a thick carpet, chintz bed curtains, and lace window curtains almost complete the delusion that you are not on a ship but in a house. Substantiality combined with good taste and extreme neatness is the decided impression that a visit to the *Oceanic* leaves upon the mind.

Both the first and second class libraries are handsomely appointed, and supplied with rows of standard literature. The light oak carved panelling and green upholstery of the first class library is effective and bright. Here, too, separate recesses annexed to the main room invite to thoughtful seclusion with book or pen. In the stowage, no romantic horrors seem possible, the sections for single men, single women, and families being well lighted and ventilated. By a new device of the White Star Company the beds are folded back against the walls, so as to leave a great amount of free space for the daytime. There are even cabins, with two and four berths, in the stowage of this steamer, for married people and children. There is room for 1,000 persons in this division of the ship. The whole crew consists of about 400, 200 of whom belong to the steward's department, which includes twenty cooks. Stewards are paid fifteen dollars a month. During the two weeks at sea and one week in this port, they receive free lodging and rations, which latter they call "meat," simply and inclusively. The week they are at Liverpool, they perform certain work, but are not entitled to bed and board. The crew is engaged by the month, at Liverpool. Captain Cameron, promoted from the *Teutonic*, is in command.

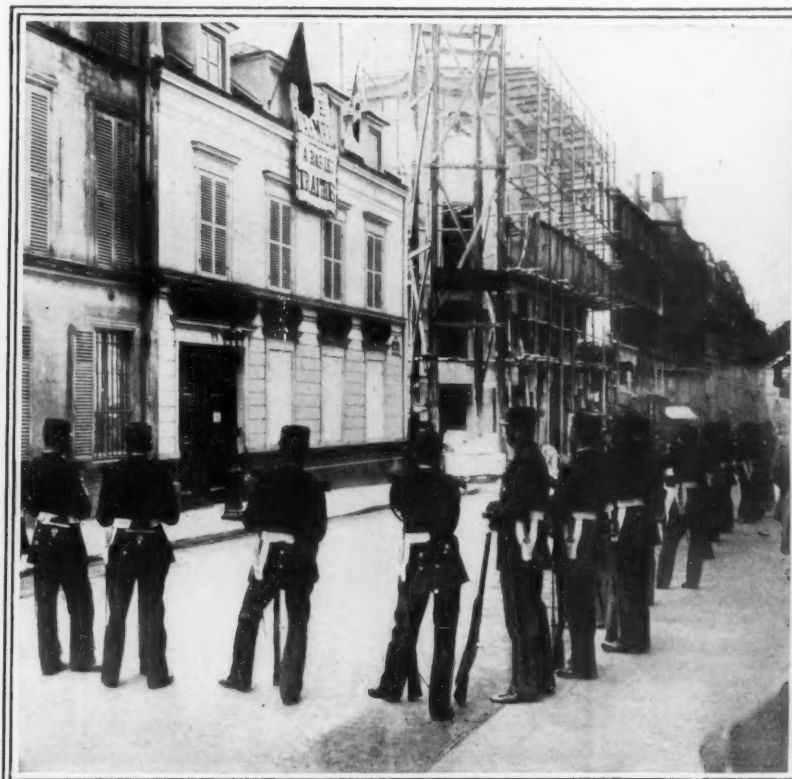
THE LATE CORNELIUS VANDERBILT

CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, for many years the head of the family of that name and one of the wealthiest men in the world, died of apoplexy, in New York, on September 12. His fortune is variously estimated, but should fall little short of \$100,000,000. He was interested in many enterprises, an earnest worker, conscientious, democratic in his tastes, unostentatiously charitable, and, in its best sense, a representative American.



PHOTO. BY FACH

THE LATE CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, WHO DIED SEPTEMBER 12 IN HIS NEW YORK RESIDENCE



THE BLACK FLAG AND THE PLACARD, "DOWN WITH TRAITORS"



MILITARY OUTPOST IN RUE D'HAUTEVILLE



GUERIN AT THE WINDOW

PARIS—GUERIN, THE ANTI-SEMITIC LEADER, BESIEGED IN "FORT CHABROL"

PARIS

PARIS, SEPTEMBER 9

THE SIEGE of the "Fort Chabrol" is taking on epic proportions. While Henri Rochefort sees in it a new siege of Troy, the good Parisians look upon it as a new and singularly attractive form of entertainment.

For Jules Guérin and his garrison it is decidedly serious. After three weeks of siege their food has almost given out. Their water supply was cut off a week ago. They have nothing to drink—but champagne. They have neither gas nor oil; all night the fort is in darkness. Always on the roof you may see the gaunt silhouette of some leaguer, on guard. Often it is Guérin himself, who appears for a moment, shouts, "We will never surrender, never, never!" and disappears through the trap-door.

Three of the besieged are ill, but no doctor is permitted to enter. The market-women, who come bearing gifts of bread and oil, are turned back by the police. A battalion of soldiers of the line holds the street. Gendarmes and firemen swarm on the neighboring roofs. The street is closed to traffic. No business is done in the shops. If you chance to live in the Rue de Chabrol you may come and go only under police guard. Crowds throng the neighboring streets and boulevards. Now and then there is a charge of mounted police; revolvers crack, heads are broken, café windows smashed, a few rioters arrested. Then for a while there is silence, broken only by the tramp of soldiery or the shrill oratory of some hungry leaguer on the roof of the fort.

All this was interesting enough, but the last few nights brought a new element of romance. Dull noises were heard inside the fort. The police discovered that the besieged were trying to dig their way out, by making an entrance into the sewers. And so now it is a subterranean warfare—a chapter from Victor Hugo. Within, Guérin and his fellows are pecking at the thick masonry. Without, the police are strengthening it with bricks and mortar. In the meantime, the fort, without water supply, without sewerage, is in the way of becoming a pesthouse. It is siege of the mediæval sort, with hunger and typhus germs and all the rest.

Looking at the situation in any light, the government has blundered. It has made itself ridiculous—always a dangerous matter in France.

Far more serious is the dark tragedy of the Soudan. It seems incredible that French officers should have turned ban-

ditions, and shot down brother-officers and superiors sent to take their places at the head of a mission. There was at first a natural hesitation to believe in Voulet's guilt, but now Voulet's letter, in which he threatened to commit this very crime, seems almost decisive.

What will he do now, this Voulet, with his band of rebels and assassins?

It is supposed they intend to create an autonomous state, somewhere between Zinder—where the sinister drama took place—and the Lake Tchad; or may push on further into the wilderness—further from the pun-

ishment that is bound to overtake them. They still carry the tricolor, and, for France, the existence of this outlaw and his brigand state is a serious problem. The section of country in which he is wandering is bounded on the north by the desert, but southward are Bornou and Sokoto, protected by the English. If France does not punish the outlaw, England may have to do so, and there will be one more international complication. Captain Voulet knows Africa well; he is popular with the natives; he has six hundred fighting men. His capture will be no easy matter. And then, strange as it may seem, this criminal adventurer is not without admirers and political allies in France. The problem is serious.

The work on the Exposition buildings is going on rapidly. The American Building on the left bank of the Seine is still a mere skeleton of yellow wood, but Mr. Woodward, the adjunct commissioner-general for the United States, assures me that it will be finished in good season. The annex of the American exhibit at Vincennes is also well under way. Indeed all the buildings—palaces, pavilions, and halls—are far nearer completion than were those of '89 eight months before the date of opening. And so, unless the unforeseen happens, you may take it for granted that the Exposition will be ready on time.

Tremendous preparations are being made for the reception of the expected visitors: New underground railroads, block after block of new houses, new hotels.

Paris expects no less than sixty million visitors. I have this on the authority of M. Picard, the commissioner-general of the Exposition. On the face of it this seems absurd. Suppose that twenty million came from France, and that is a large estimate; there are still forty million to be looked for from abroad. In 1889 there were thirty-two million visitors to the Exposition who came, it was assumed, from abroad and from the French provinces. Doubtless many more will visit Paris at the end of the century, but M. Picard's estimate is rather sanguine. Rating the expenditure at only a few dollars a head, it will nevertheless mean that an enormous amount of money will be left in Paris—as many milliards as went to pay the German war indemnity.

At the moment there is a universal delight over the subterranean discoveries of M. Martel. One of the most remarkable is the cave of Padirac in Lot, at the bottom of which, nine hundred feet below the surface, runs a swift river. It is the sensation of the hour.

HENRI DUMAY.



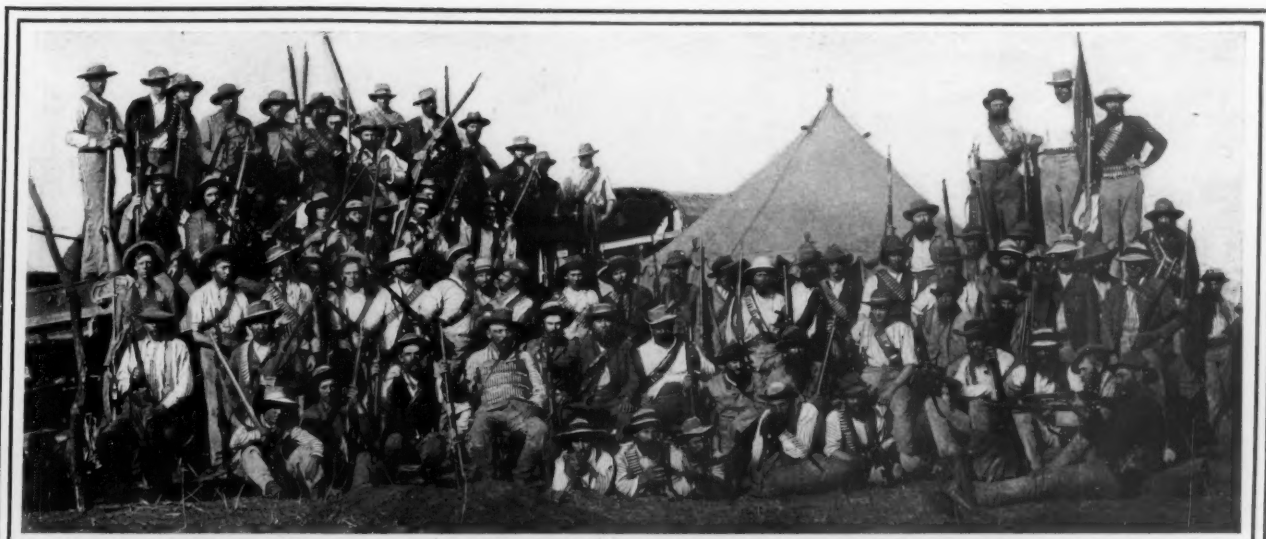
THE LAST DAY OF THE DREYFUS TRIAL. COLONEL JOUAST DIRECTS THAT PHOTOGRAPHERS BE EXCLUDED FROM THE COURT-ROOM



DRAWN BY E. HERING

THE SOUTH AFRICAN CRISIS

AN OUTPOST OF BOER RIFLEMEN ON THE LOOKOUT AT LAING'S NEK. THE BOER FORT NEAR AMAJUBA HILL IS EQUIPPED WITH HEAVY ARTILLERY AND RAPID-FIRE GUNS OF THE HOTCHKISS PATTERN



ASPECTS OF THE SOUTH AFRICAN CRISIS—I

By EDGAR MELS, FORMERLY EDITOR OF THE JOHANNESBURG "DAILY NEWS"

AFFAIRS in South Africa are just one shade worse than they were one week ago. Things there are not one bit nearer to a peaceful or unpeaceful settlement. Great Britain, through the medium of Mr. Chamberlain, is still seeking to obtain franchise and other concessions for its subjects. The South African Republic, through President Krüger, is still quibbling and endeavoring to postpone the inevitable. Both sides are "sparring for wind," and neither side cares to make the first aggressive move. War is such a serious thing, in these days of rapid-firing guns, that the responsibility of declaring it is too terrible to be lightly assumed. That is why the expectations of the sensation-loving public, which always craves for the terrible, have been sadly disappointed. It is only a question of time when war will come for the supremacy of South Africa. England must have absolute control. The Boers will not give up their homes and native land without a terrific struggle. That is why the prediction of eventual war will prove to be correct. The events of the week just past can be summed up in a few lines: a new demand upon the Transvaal by Great Britain insisting upon a five years' franchise, a quarter representation in the Volksraad, equality for the Dutch and English in that body, and, finally, equality for the old and the new burghers in the elections.



BOERS TREKING FORAGE INTO NATAL

The note conveying these demands ended with a threat of action in case the Transvaal declined them or dallied too long. This may prove the stumbling-block that will prevent a peaceful settlement; for Krüger is as stubborn as the proverbial mule and will not be hurried, even though the heavens were to fall. He will decide the matter in conjunction with the executive council after a most thorough discussion, and not until then. And as that body is notoriously conservative and slow of action, Mr. Chamberlain may be forced to act.

It may even be a part of the Boer plan to force such

action on the part of Great Britain and so compel that country to declare war. This might lead to complications that would eventually save the Transvaal from absorption into the British colonial fold.

As a matter of fact, the Boers will concede almost any demand of Great Britain, if the latter will relinquish its claim of suzerainty. And in the end this might prove the wisest plan for England to pursue; for her suzerainty extends only over the foreign relations of the Transvaal—which are few and far between. Article IV. of the Convention of 1884 contains the reference to suzerainty causing all the trouble. It provides that "the South African Republic will conclude no treaty or engagement with any state or nation other than the Orange Free State, nor with any native tribe to the eastward or westward of the republic, until the same has been approved by her Majesty the Queen." In addition there is the stipulation that if no objection is offered within a specified time, a treaty or engagement shall acquire validity.

This meagre claim to suzerainty does not seem to give the right to interference in the Transvaal's internal affairs; but, waiving that question, England could generously waive such claim in return for the privileges she demands.

While diplomacy has been busy on the South African chessboard, both of the interested nations have been rushing troops to the scene of the prospective war. England has been most active in this respect. Several

Rifle Corps, and the First Battalion Durham Light Infantry.

In addition, the military and naval depot at Simons-town, to the northeast of Capetown, has been working night and day preparing for eventualities. Immense quantities of ammunition have been stored there and everything is in readiness.

On the other

side, the Trans-

vaal has given

orders that no

burgher must go

beyond the Lim-

popo in the Zout-

pansburg district,

three hundred

miles north of

Pretoria. Two

more steamers

have brought fur-

ther military sup-

plies for the

Transvaal to Lo-

renzo Marquez.

A temporary fort

has been erected

at Laing's Nek,

near Amajuba

Hill. It has been

armed with heavy

artillery, obtained

from Germany,

and several rapid-

fire guns of the

Hotchkiss pat-

tern. One hun-

dred rounds of

ammunition has

been served out

to every burgher

capable of carrying

arms.

President Krüger

has also announced

that in case of

hostilities the state

will confiscate all

the mines at

Klerksdorp, Bar-

berton, Potchefst-

room, Leyden-

dorp, and those

at or near Johan-

nesburg. After

they have been

closed for some

time, they will

be reopened by

the government.

This would prove

a most serious

matter to the

thousands of

shareholders in

France and in

Germany, and

might lead to

foreign inter-

ference. It is

on this that

Krüger counts.

He knows that

France and Ger-

many must

protect the

hundreds of

millions in-

vested in the

Transvaal

mines, and

hopes that

this will lead

to a settle-

ment of the

question

favorable to

his country.

Last, but not

the least thing

to chronicle,

is the

terrible state

of South

Africa, com-

mercially.

All

business is

at a stand-

still, food-

stuffs have

doubled

in price,

and thou-

sands are

without

work, with-

out money

and with-

out the ne-

cessaries of

life. Johan-

nesburg is

almost de-

populated,

and the ex-

odus for

Cape-

town is

increasing,

rather than

diminishing.

For the sake

of all con-

cerned, it

is to be

hoped that

affairs will

be settled

quickly and

amicably.



THE MARKET BUILDINGS, JOHANNESBURG

transports with Indian troops on board have left Calcutta bound for the Cape. General Buller has sailed for the same destination, and the home force is preparing to follow suit at the first actual warlike move. According to advices likely to be trustworthy, England will at once send forty thousand men to the Cape—providing, of course, that there is need for them. The force will be made up of the following crack regiments:

The First (Royal) Dragoons, the Second (Royal Scots Grays) Dragoons, the Sixth (Inniskilling) Dragoons, the Sixth (Carabiniers) Dragoon Guards, the Tenth (Prince of Wales' Own Royal) Hussars, the Twelfth (Prince of Wales' Royal) Lancers; four battalions from the Grenadier Guards, Coldstream Guards and Scots Guards, the crack foot regiments; the Second Battalion Queen's (Royal West Surrey) Regiment, the Second Battalion East Surrey Regiment, the Second Battalion Devonshire Regiment, the Second Battalion West Yorkshire Regiment, the Second Battalion Royal Highlanders (the famous Black Watch), the First Battalion Highland Light Infantry, the Second Battalion Seaforth Highlanders, the First Battalion Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, the First Battalion Inniskilling Fusiliers, the First Battalion Connaught Rangers, the First Battalion Royal Dublin Fusiliers, the First Battalion Royal Irish Regiment, the Second Battalion Royal Fusiliers (City of London regiment), the Second Battalion Royal Scots Fusiliers, the First Battalion Royal Welsh Fusiliers, the Second Battalion Royal Irish Fusiliers, the Second Battalion Scottish Rifles, Third Battalion King's Royal



THE PALACE BUILDINGS, JOHANNESBURG



THE GENERAL HOSPITAL, JOHANNESBURG



"WANDERERS" RECREATION GROUNDS, JOHANNESBURG



THEY HAD . . . A BALCONY UPON THE CITY WALL, WIDE OPEN TO THE SUN AND WIND



IN BINDON'S younger days he had dabbled in speculation and made three brilliant flukes. For the rest of his life he had the wisdom to let gambling alone, and the conceit to believe himself a very clever man. A certain desire for influence and reputation interested him in the business intrigues of the giant city in which his flukes were made. He became at last one of the most influential shareholders in the company that owned the London flying-stages to which the aeroplanes came from all parts of the world. This much for his public activities. In his private life he was a man of pleasure. And this is the story of his heart.

But before proceeding to such depths, one must devote a little time to the exterior of this person. Its physical basis was slender, and short, and dark; and the face, which was fine-featured and assisted by pigments, varied from an insecure self-complacency to an intelligent uneasiness. His face and head had been depilated, according to the cleanly and hygienic fashion of the time, so that the color and contour of his hair varied with his costume. This he was constantly changing.

At times he would distend himself with pneumatic vestments in the rococo vein. From among the billowy developments of this style, and beneath a translucent and illuminated headdress, his eye watched jealously for the respect of the less fashionable world. At other times he emphasized his elegant slenderness in close-fitting garments of black satin. For effects of dignity he would assume broad pneumatic shoulders, from which hung a robe of carefully arranged folds of China silk, and a classical Bindon in pink tights was also a transient phenomenon in the eternal pageant of Destiny. In the days when he hoped to marry Elizabeth, he sought to impress and charm her, and at the same time to take off something of his burden of forty years, by wearing the last fancy of the contemporary buck, a costume of elastic material with distensible warts and horns, changing in color as he walked, by an ingenious arrangement of versatile chromatophores. And no doubt, if Elizabeth's affection had not been already engaged by the worthless Denton, and if her tastes had not had that odd bias for old-fashioned ways, this extremely *chic* conception would have ravished her. Bindon had consulted Elizabeth's father before presenting himself in this garb—he was one of

those men who always invite criticism of their costume—and Mwres had pronounced him all that the heart of woman could desire. But the affair of the hypnotist proved that his knowledge of the heart of woman was incomplete.

Bindon's idea of marrying had been formed some little time before Mwres threw Elizabeth's budding womanhood in his way. It was one of Bindon's most cherished secrets that he had a considerable capacity for a pure and simple life of a grossly sentimental type. The thought imparted a sort of pathetic seriousness to the offensive and quite inconsequent and unmeaning excesses, which he was pleased to regard as dashing wickedness, and which a number of good people also were so unwise as to treat in that desirable manner. As a consequence of these excesses, and perhaps by reason also of an inherited tendency to early decay, his liver became seriously affected, and he suffered increasing inconvenience when travelling by aeroplane.

It was during his convalescence from a protracted bilious attack that it occurred to him that in spite of all the terrible fascinations of Vice, if he found a beautiful, gentle, good young woman of a not too violently intellectual type to devote her life to him, he might yet be saved to Goodness, and even rear a spirited family in his likeness to solace his declining years. But like so many experienced men of the world, he doubted if there were any good women. Of such as he had heard tell he was outwardly sceptical and privately much afraid.

When the aspiring Mwres effected his introduction to Elizabeth, it seemed to him that his good fortune was complete. He fell in love with her at once. Of course, he had always been falling in love since he was sixteen, in accordance with the extremely varied recipes to be found in the accumulated literature of many centuries. But this was different. This was real love. It seemed to him to call forth all the lurking goodness in his nature. He felt that for her sake he could give up a way of life that had already produced the gravest lesions on his liver and nervous system. His imagination presented him with idyllic pictures of the life of the reformed rake. He would never be sentimental with her, or silly; but always a little cynical and bitter, as became the past. Yet he was sure she would have an intuition of his real greatness and goodness. And in due course he would confess things to her, pour his version of what he regarded as his wickedness—showing what a complex of Goethe, and Benvenuto Cellini, and Shelley, and all those other claps he really was—into her shocked, very beautiful, and no doubt sympathetic ear. And preparatory to these things he wooed her with infinite subtlety and respect,

And the reserve with which Elizabeth treated him seemed nothing more nor less than an exquisite modesty touched and enhanced by an equally exquisite lack of ideas.

Bindon knew nothing of her wandering affections, nor of the attempt made by Mwres to utilize hypnotism as a corrective to this digression of her heart; he conceived he was on the best of terms with Elizabeth, and had made her quite successfully various significant presents of jewelry and the more virtuous cosmetics, when her elopement with Denton threw the world out of gear for him. His first aspect of the matter was rage begotten of wounded vanity, and as Mwres was the most convenient person, he vented the first brunt of it upon him.

He went immediately and insulted the desolate father grossly, and then spent an active and determined day going to and fro about the city and interviewing people in a consistent and partly successful attempt to ruin that matrimonial speculator. The effectual nature of these activities gave him a temporary exhilaration, and he went to the dining-place he had frequented in his wicked days in a devil-may-care frame of mind, and dined altogether too amply and cheerfully with two other golden youths in the early forties. He threw up the game; no woman was worth being good for, and he astonished even himself by the strain of witty cynicism he developed. One of the other desperate blades, warmed with wine, made a facetious allusion to his disappointment, but at the time this did not seem unpleasant. It rankled, however, next morning.

The next morning found his liver and temper inflamed. He kicked his phonographic-news machine to pieces, dismissed his valet, and resolved that he would perpetrate a terrible revenge upon Elizabeth. Or Denton. Or somebody. But anyhow, it was to be a terrible revenge; and the friend who had made fun at him should no longer see him in the light of a foolish girl's victim. He knew something of the little property that was due to her, and that this would be the only support of the young couple until Mwres should relent. If Mwres did not relent, and if unpropitious things should happen to the affair in which Elizabeth's expectations lay, they would come upon evil times and be sufficiently amenable to temptation of a sinister sort. Bindon's imagination, abandoning its beautiful idealism altogether, expanded the idea of temptation of a sinister sort. He figured himself as the implacable, the intricate and powerful man of wealth pursuing this maiden who had scorned him. And suddenly her image came upon his mind vivid and dominant, and for the first time in his life Bindon understood something of the real power of passion.

His imagination stood aside like a respectful footman who has done his work in ushering in the emotion. "My God!" cried Bindon; "I will have her! If I have to kill myself to get her! And that other fellow—!"

After an interview with his medical men and a penance for his overnight excesses in the form of bitter drugs, a mitigated but absolutely resolute Bindon sought out Mwres. Mwres he found properly smashed, and impoverished and humble, in a mood of frantic self-preservation, ready to sell himself body and soul, much more any interest in a disobedient daughter, to recover his lost position in the world. In the reasonable discussion that followed, it was agreed that these misguided young people should be left to sink into distress, or possibly even assisted toward that improving discipline by Bindon's financial influence.

"And then?" said Mwres. "They will come to the Labor Company," said Bindon. "They will wear the blue canvas."

"And then?" "She will divorce him," he said, and sat for a moment intent upon that prospect. For in those days the austere limitations of divorce of Victorian times were extraordinarily relaxed, and a couple might separate on a hundred different scores.

Then suddenly Bindon astonished himself and Mwres by jumping to his feet. "She shall divorce him!" he cried. "I will have it so—I will work it so. By God! it shall be so. He shall be disgraced, so that she must. He shall be smashed and pulverized."

The idea of smashing and pulverizing inflamed him further. He began a Jovian pacing up and down the little office. "I will have her," he cried. "I will have her! Heaven and hell shall not save her from me!" His passion evaporated in its expression, and left him at the end simply histrionic. He struck an attitude and ignored with heroic determination a sharp twinge of pain about the diaphragm. And Mwres sat with his pneumatic cap deflated and himself very visibly impressed.

And so, with a fair persistency, Bindon set himself to the work of being Elizabeth's malignant providence, using with ingenious dexterity every particle of advantage wealth in those days gave a man over his fellow-creatures. A resort to the consolations of religion hindered these operations not at all. He would go and talk with an interesting, experienced and sympathetic Father of the Huysmanite sect of the Isis cult, about all the irrational little proceedings he was pleased to regard as his Heaven-dismaying wickedness, and the interesting, experienced and sympathetic Father, representing Heaven dismayed, would, with a pleasing affectation of horror, suggest simple and easy penances, and recommend a monastic foundation that was airy, cool, hygienic, and not vulgarized, for viscerally disordered penitent sinners of the refined and wealthy type. And after these excursions, Bindon would come back to London quite active and passionate again. He would machinate with really considerable energy, and repair to a certain gallery high above the street of moving ways, from which he could view the entrance to the barrack of the Labor Company in the ward which sheltered Denton and Elizabeth. And at last one day he saw Elizabeth go in, and thereby his passion was renewed.

So in the fulness of time the complicated devices of Bindon ripened, and he could go to Mwres and tell him that the young people were near despair.

"It's time for you," he said, "to let your parental affections have play. She's been in blue canvas some months, and they've been cooped together in one of those Labor dens, and the little girl is dead. She knows now what his manhood is worth to her, by way of protection, poor girl. She'll see things now in a clearer light. You go to her—I don't want to appear in this affair yet—and point out to her how necessary it is that she should get a divorce from him. . . ."

"She's obstinate," said Mwres, doubtfully.

"Spirit!" said Bindon. "She's a wonderful girl—a wonderful girl!"

"She'll refuse."

"Of course she will. But leave it open to her. Leave it open to her. And some day—in that stuffy den, in that irksome, toilsome life they can't help it—they'll have a quarrel. And then—"

Mwres meditated over the matter, and did as he was told.

Then Bindon, as he had arranged with his spiritual adviser, went into retreat. The retreat of the Huysmanite sect was a beautiful place, with the sweetest air in London, lit by natural sunlight, and with restful quadrangles of real grass open to the sky, where at the same time the penitent man of pleasure might enjoy all the pleasures of loafing and all the satisfaction of distinguished austerity. And, save for participation in the simple and wholesome dietary of the place and in certain magnificent chants, Bindon spent all his time in meditation upon the theme of Elizabeth, and the extreme purification his soul had undergone since he first saw her, and whether he would be able to get a dispensation to marry her from the experienced and sympathetic Father in spite of the approaching "sin" of her divorce; and then . . . Bindon would lean against a pillar of the quadrangle and lapse into reveries on the superiority of virtuous love to any other form of indulgence. A curious feeling in his back and chest that was trying to attract his attention, a disposition to be hot or shiver, a general sense of ill-health and cutaneous discomfort, he did his best to ignore. All that, of course, belonged to the old life that he was shaking off.

When he came out of retreat he went at once to Mwres to ask for news of Elizabeth. Mwres was clearly under the impression that he was an exemplary father, profoundly touched about the heart by his child's unhappiness. "She was pale," he said, greatly moved; "she was pale. When I asked her to come

away and leave him—and be happy—she put her head down upon the table"—Mwres sniffed—and cried."

His agitation was so great that he could say no more.

"Ah!" said Bindon, respecting this manly grief.

"Oh!" said Bindon quite suddenly, with his hand to his side.

Mwres looked up sharply out of the pit of his sorrows, startled. "What's the matter?" he asked, visibly concerned.

"A most violent pain. Excuse me! You were telling me about Elizabeth."

And Mwres, after a decent solicitude for Bindon's pain, proceeded with his report. It was even unexpectedly hopeful. Elizabeth, in her first emotion at discovering that her father had not absolutely deserted her, had been frank with him about her sorrows and disgusts.

"Yes," said Bindon, magnificently, "I shall have her yet."

And then that novel pain twitched him for the second time.

For these lower pains the priest was comparatively ineffectual, inclining rather to regard the body and them as mental illusions amenable to contemplation; so Bindon took it to a man of a class he loathed, a medical man of extraordinary repute and incivility. "We must go all over you," said the medical man, and did so with the most disgusting frankness. "Did you ever bring any children into the world?" asked this gross materialist among other impertinent questions.

"Not that I know of," said Bindon, too amazed to stand upon his dignity.

"Ah!" said the medical man, and proceeded with his punching and sounding. Medical science in those days was just reaching the beginnings of precision. "You'd better go right away," said the medical man, "and make the Euthanasia. The sooner the better."

Bindon gasped. He had been trying not to understand the technical explanations and anticipations in which the medical man had indulged.

"I say!" he said. "But do you mean to say. . . . Your science. . . ."

"Nothing," said the medical man. "A few opiates. The thing is your own doing, you know, to a certain extent."

"I was sorely tempted in my youth."

"It's not that so much. But you come of a bad stock. Even if you'd have taken precautions you'd have had bad times to wind up with. The mistake was getting born. The indiscretions of the parents—And you've shirked exercise, and so forth."

"I had no one to advise me."

"Medical men are always willing."

"I was a spirited young fellow."

"We won't argue; the mischief's done now. You've lived. We can't start you again. You ought never to have started at all. Frankly—the Euthanasia!"

Bindon hated him in silence for a space. Every word of this brutal expert jarred upon his refinement. He was so gross, so imperious to all the subtle issues of being. But it is no good picking a quarrel with a doctor. "My religious beliefs," he said. "I don't approve of suicide."

"You've been doing it all your life."

"Well, anyhow, I've come to take a serious view of life now."

"You're bound to, if you go on living. You'll hurt. But for practical purposes it's late. However, if you mean to do that—perhaps I'd better mix you a little something. You'll hurt a great deal. These little twinges. . . ."

"Twinges!"

"Mere preliminary notices."

"How long can I go on?" I mean, before I hurt—really."

"You'll get it hot soon. Perhaps three days."

Bindon tried to argue for an extension of time, and in the midst of his pleading gasped, put his hand to his side. Suddenly the extraordinary pathos of his life came to him clear and vivid. "It's hard," he said. "It's infernally hard! I've been no man's enemy but my own. I've always treated everybody quite fairly."

The medical man stared at him without any sympathy for some seconds. He was reflecting how excellent it was that there were no more Bindons to carry on that line of pathos. He felt quite optimistic. Then he turned to his telephone and ordered up a prescription from the Central Pharmacy.

He was interrupted by a voice behind him. "By God!" cried Bindon; "I'll have her yet."

The physician stared over his shoulder at Bindon's expression, and then altered the prescription.

So soon as this painful interview was over, Bindon gave way to rage. He settled that the medical man was not only an unsympathetic brute and wanting in the first beginnings of a gentleman, but also highly incompetent; and he went off to four other practitioners in succession, with a view to the establishment of this intuition. But to guard against surprises he kept that little prescription in his pocket. With each he began by expressing his grave doubts of the first doctor's intelligence, honesty and professional knowledge, and then stated his symptoms, suppressing only a few more material facts in each case. These were always subsequently elicited by the doctor. In spite of the welcome depreciation of another practitioner, none of these eminent specialists would give Bindon any hope of eluding the anguish and helplessness that loomed now close upon him. To the last of them he unburdened his mind of an accumulated disgust with medical science. "After centuries and centuries," he exclaimed hotly; "and you can do nothing—except admit your helplessness. I say, 'save me'—and what do you do?"

"No doubt it's hard on you," said the doctor. "But you should have taken precautions."

"How was I to know?"

"It wasn't our place to run after you," said the medical man, picking a thread of cotton from his purple sleeve. "Why should we save you in particular? You see—from our point of view—people with imaginations and passions like yours have to go—they have to go."

"Go?"

"Die out. It's an eddy."

He was a young man with a serene face. He smiled at Bindon. "We get on with research, you know; we give advice when people have the sense to ask for it. And we hide our time."

"Bide your time?"

"We hardly know enough yet to take over the management, you know."

"The management?"

"You needn't be anxious. Science is young yet. It's got to keep on growing for a few generations. We know enough now to know we don't know enough yet. . . . But the time is coming all the same. You won't see the time. But, between ourselves, you rich men and party bosses, with your natural play of the passions and patriotism, and religion and so forth, have made rather a mess of things; haven't you? These Underways. And all that sort of thing. Some of us have a sort of fancy that in time we may know enough to take over a little more than the ventilation and drains. Knowledge keeps on piling up, you know. It keeps on growing. And there's not the slightest hurry for a generation or so. Some day—some day, men will live in a different way."

He looked at Bindon and meditated. "There'll be a lot of dying out before that day can come."

Bindon attempted to point out to this young man how silly and irrelevant such talk was to a sick man like himself; how impertinent and uncivil it was to him, an older man occupying a position in the official world of extraordinary power and influence. He insisted that a doctor was paid to cure people—he had great stress on "paid"—and had no business to glance for a moment at "these other questions." "But we do," said the young man, insisting upon facts, and Bindon lost his temper.

His indignation carried him home. That these incompetent impostors, who were unable to save the life of a really influential man like himself, should dream of some day robbing the legitimate property owners of social control, of inflicting one knew not what tyranny upon the world. Curse science! He fumed over the intolerable prospect for some time, and then the pain returned, and he recalled the made-up prescription of the first doctor, still happily in his pocket. He took a dose forthwith.

It calmed and soothed him greatly, and he could sit down in his most comfortable chair beside his library (of phonographic records), and think over the altered aspect of affairs. His indignation passed, his anger and his passion crumbled under the subtle attack of that prescription, pathos became his sole ruler. He stared about him, at his magnificent and voluptuously appointed apartment, at his stately and discreetly veiled pictures, and all the evidences of a cultivated and elegant wickedness; he touched a stud and the sad pippings of Tristan's shepherd attendant filled the air. His eye wandered from one object to another. They were costly and gross and florid—but they were his. They presented in concrete form his ideals, his conceptions of beauty and desire, his idea of all that is precious in life. And now—he must leave it all, like a common man. He was, he felt, a slender and delicate flame, burning out. So must all life flame up and pass, he thought. His eyes filled with tears.

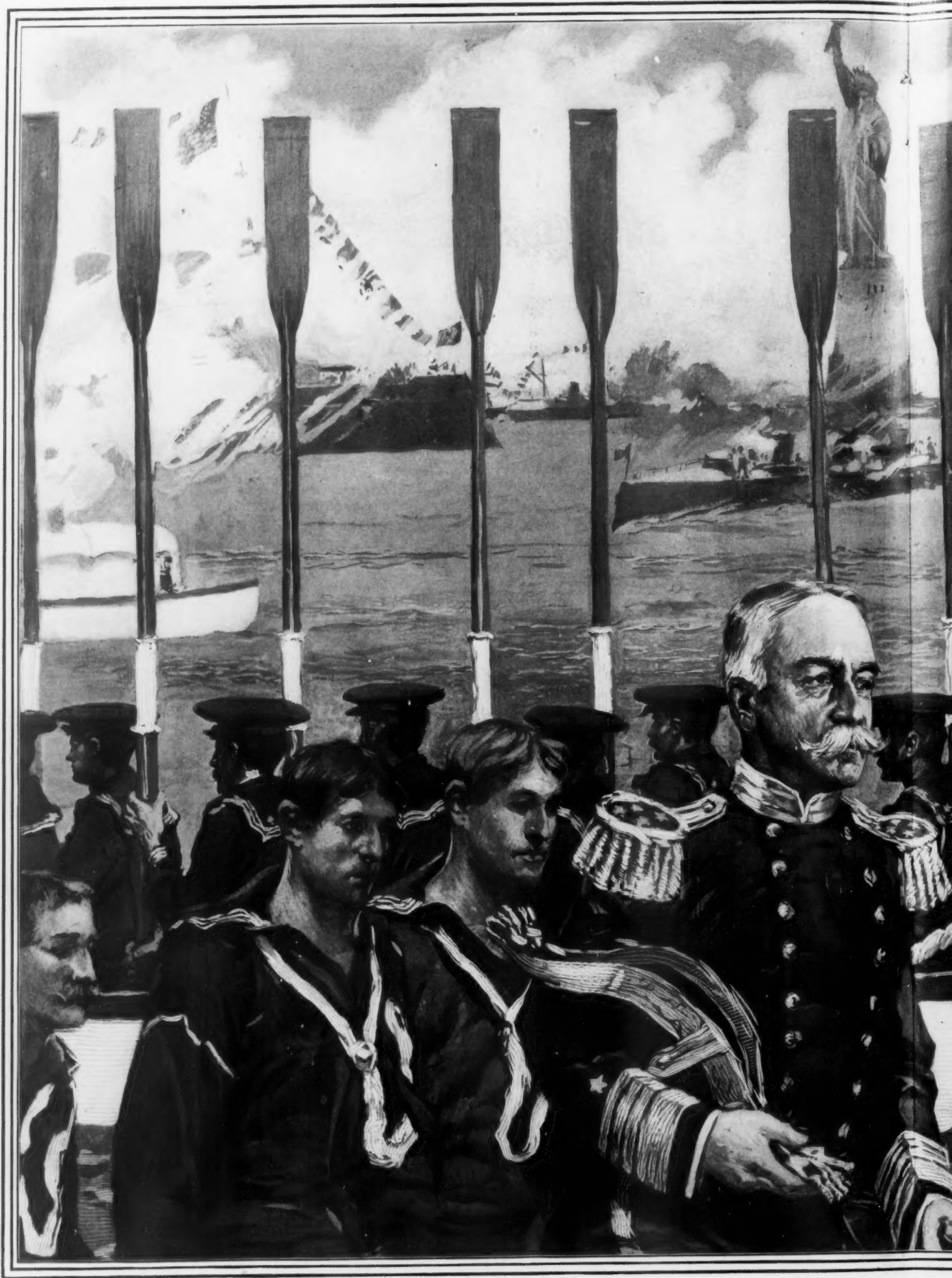
Then it came into his head that he was alone. Nobody cared for him, nobody needed him; at any moment he might begin to hurt vividly. He might even howl. Nobody would mind. According to all the doctors he would have excellent reason for howling in a day or so. It recalled what his spiritual adviser had said of the decline of faith and fidelity, the degeneration of the age. He beheld himself as a pathetic proof of this; he, the subtle, able, important, voluptuous, cynical, complex Bindon, possibly howling, and not one faithful simple creature in all the world to howl in sympathy. Not one faithful simple soul was there—no shepherd to pipe to him! Had all such faithful simple creatures vanished from this harsh and urgent earth? He wondered whether the horrid vulgar crowd that perpetually went about the city could possibly know what he thought of them. If they did he felt sure some would try to earn a better opinion. Surely the world went from bad to worse. It was becoming impossible for Bindons. Perhaps some day . . . He was quite sure that the one thing he had needed in life was sympathy. For a time he regretted that he left no sonnets—no enigmatical pictures or something of that sort behind him to carry on his being until at last the unsympathetic mind should come . . .

It seemed incredible to him that this that came was extinction. Yet his sympathetic spiritual guide was in this matter annoyingly figurative and vague. Curse science! It had condemned all faith—all hope. To go out, to vanish from theatre and street, from office and dining-place, from the dear eyes of womankind. And not to be missed! On the whole to leave the world happier!

He reflected that he had never worn his heart upon his sleeve. Had he after all been too unsympathetic? Few people could suspect how subtly profound he really was beneath the mask of that cynical gaiety of his. They would not understand the loss they had suffered. Elizabeth, for example, had not suspected . . .

He had reserved that. His thoughts having come to Elizabeth gravitated about her for some time. How little Elizabeth understood him!

That thought became intolerable. Before all other things he must set that right. He realized that there



DRAWN BY H. METHFESSEL—COMPOSITION BY GEORGE WHARTON EDWARDS

“HOM



OME!"

was still something for him to do in life, his struggle against Elizabeth was even yet not over. He could never overcome her now, as he had hoped and prayed. But he might still impress her!

From that idea he expanded. He might impress her profoundly—he might impress her so that she should for evermore regret her treatment of him. The thing that she must realize before everything else was his magnanimity. His magnanimity! Yes! he had loved her with amazing greatness of heart. He had not seen it so clearly before—but of course he was going to leave her all his property. He saw it instantly, as a thing determined and inevitable. She would think how good he was, how spaciouly generous; surrounded by all that makes life tolerable from his hand, she would recall with infinite regret her scorn and coldness. And when she sought expression for that regret, she would find that occasion gone forever, she should be met by a locked door, by a disdainful stillness, by a white dead face. He closed his eyes and remained for a space imagining himself that white dead face.

From that he passed to other aspects of the matter, but his determination was assured. He meditated the matter elaborately before he took action, for the drug he had taken inclined him to a lethargic and dignified melancholy. In certain respects he modified details. If he left all his property to Elizabeth it would include the voluptuously appointed room he occupied, and for many reasons he did not care to leave that to her. On the other hand, it had to be left to some one. In his clogged condition this worried him extremely.

In the end he decided to leave it to the sympathetic exponent of the fashionable religious cult, whose conversation had been so pleasing in the past. "He will understand," said Bindon with a sentimental sigh. "He knows what Evil means—he understands something of the Stupendous Fascination of the Sphinx of Sin. Yes—he will understand." By that phrase it was that Bindon was pleased to dignify certain unhealthy and undignified departures from sane conduct to which a misguided vanity and an ill-controlled curiosity had led him. He sat for a space thinking how very Hellenic and Italian and Neronian, and all those things, he had been. Even now—might one not try a sonnet? A penetrating voice to echo down the ages, sensuous, sinister, and sad. For a space he forgot Elizabeth. In the course of half an hour he spoiled three phonographic coils, got a headache, took a second dose to calm himself, and reverted to magnanimity and his former design.

At last he faced the unpalatable problem of Denton. It needed all his newborn magnanimity before he could swallow the thought of Denton; but at last this greatly misunderstood man, assisted by his sedative and the near approach of death, effected even that. If he was at all exclusive about Denton, if he should display the slightest distrust, if he attempted any specific exclusion of that young man, she might—*misunderstand!* Yes—she should have her Denton still. His magnanimity must go even to that. He tried to think only of Elizabeth in the matter.

He rose with a sigh, and limped across to the telephone apparatus that communicated with his solicitor. In ten minutes a will duly attested and with its proper thumb-mark signature lay in the solicitor's office three miles away. And then for a space Bindon sat very still. Suddenly he started out of a vague reverie, and pressed an investigatory hand to his side.

Then he jumped eagerly to his feet and rushed to the telephone.

The Euthanasia Company had rarely been called by a client in a greater hurry.

So it came at last that Denton and his Elizabeth, against all hope, returned unseparated from the labor servitude to which they had fallen. Elizabeth came out from her cramped subterranean den of metal-beaters and all the sordid circumstances of blue canvas, as one comes out of a nightmare. Back toward the sunlight their fortune took them; once the bequest was known to them, the bare thought of another day's hammering became intolerable. They went up long lifts and stairs to levels that they had not seen since the days of their disaster. At first she was full of this sensation of escape; even to think of the underways was intolerable; only after many months could she begin to recall with sympathy the faded women who were still below there, murmuring scandals and reminiscences and folly, and tapping away their lives.

Her choice of the apartments they presently took expressed the vehemence of her release. They were rooms upon the very verge of the city; they had a roof space and a balcony upon the city wall, wide open to the sun and wind, the country and the sky.

And in that balcony comes the last scene in this story. It was a summer sunset, and the hills of Surrey were very blue and clear. Denton leaned upon the balcony regarding them, and Elizabeth sat by his side. Very wide and spacious was the view, for their balcony hung five hundred feet above the ancient level of the ground. The oblongs of the Food Company, broken here and there by the ruins—grotesque little holes and sheds—of the ancient suburbs, and intersected by shining streams of sewage, passed at last into a remote diapering at the foot of the distant hills. On those further slopes gaunt machines of unknown import worked slackly at the end of their spell, and the hill crest was set with stagnant wind vanes. Along the great south road the Labor Company's field laborers, in huge wheeled mechanical vehicles, were hurrying back to their meals, their last spell finished. And through the air a dozen little private aeroplanes sailed down toward the city. Familiar scene as it was to the eyes of Denton and Elizabeth, it would have filled the mind of their ancestors with incredulous amazement. Denton's mind fluttered toward the future in a vain attempt at what that scene might be in another two hundred years, and, recoiling, turned toward the past.

He shared something of the growing knowledge of

the time; he could picture the quaint smoke-grimed Victorian city with its narrow little roads of beaten earth, its wide common-land, ill-organized, ill-built suburbs, and irregular enclosures; the old countryside of the Stuart times, with its little villages and its petty London; the England of the monasteries, the far older England of the Roman dominion, and then before that a wild country with here and there the huts of some warring tribe. These huts must have come and gone and come again through a space of years that made the Roman camp and villa seem but yesterday; and before those years, before even the huts, there had been men in the valley. Even then—so recent had it all been when one judged it by the standard of geological time—this valley had been here; and those hills yonder, higher, perhaps, and snow-tipped, had still been yonder hills, and the Thames had flowed down from the Cotswolds to the sea. But the men had been but the shapes of men, creatures of darkness and ignorance, victims of beasts and floods, storms and pestilence, and incessant hunger. Already some at least of these enemies were overcome . . .

For a time Denton pursued the thoughts of this spacious vision, trying in obedience to his instinct to find his place and proportion in the scheme.

"It has been chance," he said, "it has been luck. We have come through. It happens we have come through. Not by any strength of our own . . .

"And yet . . . No. I don't know."

He was silent for a long time before he spoke again.

"After all—there is a long time yet. There have scarcely been men for twenty thousand years—and there has been life for twenty millions. And what are generations? What are generations? It is enormous, and we are so little. Yet we know—we feel. We are not dumb atoms, we are part of it—part of it—to the limits of our strength and will. Even to die is part of it. Whether we die or live, we are in the making . . .

"As time goes on—perhaps—men will be wiser . . .

Wiser . . .

"Will they ever understand?"

He became silent again.

Elizabeth said nothing to these things, but she regarded his dreaming face with infinite affection. Her mind was not very active that evening. A great contentment possessed her. After a time she laid a gentle hand on his beside her. He fondled it softly, still looking out upon the spacious gold-woven view. So they sat as the sun went down. Until presently Elizabeth shivered.

Denton recalled himself abruptly from these spacious issues of his leisure, and went in to fetch her a shawl.

THE END

LONDON

LONDON, SEPTEMBER 13, 1899

THAT FAMED and talented lawyer, Mr. Asquith, has just been trying to smooth down the somewhat ruffled fur of public feeling. While ravens were croaking "War" in their most strident staccatos, this oratorical dove, as might be said, has flown to us with a spray of fair-sized olive in its benignant beak. Mr. Asquith's wife is president of the Women's Liberal Association in East Fife. On Saturday, as she chanced to be ill, her husband took her place, and what he called "the question of the hour" soon came to the tips of his lips. Much that he said will certainly disappoint those hot radicals who are never tired of calling Mr. Chamberlain all kinds of hard names and fathering him with motives bloody, selfish and sordid. Mr. Asquith holds that the time has come for a definite and permanent settlement between the Transvaal and its immigrant population. The speaker (who is himself a British Liberal, as I need hardly say) added that no British Liberal could contemplate with satisfaction the denial of civil and political rights to large numbers of his own countrymen. After which Mr. Asquith gave it as his belief that the situation, however delicate and dangerous it had become, was not yet too grave for its safe solution by firm and delicate diplomacy. And yet, even now, the *modus vivendi* threatens presently to wear an almost hopeless look. Hundreds of men, women and children are flying from Johannesburg, and that city is in pitiable plight. The Boers are scattering prudence to the winds, and gnashing their teeth in the face of all compromise. Where events move so rapidly and where war may almost by tomorrow have fired its first shot at the "five years' franchise" and every similar proposal, one can only feel that a few epistolary comments like these may be out of date before the steamer sails with them, and that nimble cablegrams may have turned their omens into grimmest actuality days before they have reached their destination overseas.

To-day an Englishman confessed to me that he had long ago believed Baron Grant was dead. Nevertheless, his death has awakened a flood of memories here. I have not seen it mentioned that Anthony Trollope took him as a kind of model for the audacious money-making in "The Way We Live Now," but when that novel appeared, if I rightly remember, the semi-portrait of Grant was recognized. Of course his "barony" was not an English one; if it had been he would have held a far higher social place and always had himself written, talked of and addressed as "Lord Grant." It dated from 1868, and was an Italian title, conferred by the king of Italy for services rendered in the building of the Victor Emanuel Gallery at Milan—a really superb structure. Twenty years ago millions were passing through his hands as a promoter of companies, every one of which finally landed him in bankruptcy. He was the chief colossal financial humbug of modern times. Marvellous past belief was his power to

inveigle and hoodwink. Literally for years he breathed an atmosphere of chicanery. What was strangest of all about him, he could find people ready to open their purses and subscribe to his new enterprises when the bubble-like character of previous exploits had repeatedly transpired. But he cannot be called an ill wind that blew no good, for he redeemed poor, neglected Leicester Square, and made it (by one of his artful "philanthropic" moves) the prosperous if unhand-some purlieu of to-day. Certainly ten years ago came his ultimate collapse, and he then retired to a country house which he had settled on his wife. Just how and why the retreat didn't happen to be a prison nobody is at present able to tell. Through all this term of obscurity his misdeeds have been getting themselves forgotten, and principally, no doubt, through the deaths of his various victims. He had ceased to exist long before the grave was opened for him, and his burial served merely as an ironic reminder that he was once the most talked-of man in Great Britain.

It is said that the Duchess of Albany has made herself greatly beloved at Esher, in Surrey, where she has lived ever since the death of her husband, Queen Victoria's youngest son. She received quite an ovation the other day, on her departure for Germany with the young duke, who has now fallen heir to the grand-duchy of Co-burg. She was very youthful when she married Prince Leopold, and she is youthful still. Her position will now become a higher one, and probably much happier as well. The queen has chosen to cast a spell of repression upon her blithesome nature, demanding that she should present a ceaseless demeanor of sadness and reserve because of her untimely widowhood. The duchess desired, not long ago, to marry a certain English noble, a statesman and a widower. But the queen would not hear of any such proposition. Did not her Majesty forget, in this instance, that though her own constancy may have been most praiseworthy, she was still a matron with eight children at the time of Prince Albert's death?

The recently announced engagement of Miss Aimée Lawrence, a well-known young girl of New York society, to a grandson of the Duke of Argyll and a nephew of the Marquis of Lorne, makes one think of certain peculiar developments which might have occurred, but did not, from the marriage of the Princess Louise. Her wedding took place nearly twenty-nine years ago, and no children have sprung from it. That the union would be one without issue, nobody supposed. That the old Duke of Argyll would live on to his present age of almost eighty, was held improbable. Both events, however, have happened. But provided children had been born to Lord Lorne, their positions (all except that of an eldest son) would have proved rather drolly anomalous. An eldest son would probably have received the courtesy title of Earl Campbell, but all other children, though belonging to the royal family, would have had to content themselves with plain "Mr." and "Miss." They could not take the titles accorded to children of a marquis, for their father would be (as he now is) a simple commoner before the law, and hence his offspring would have been the same. It is all very well to say that the queen "might have done something for them," but she neither could nor would. It was widely asked, when the Princess Louise of Wales married the Duke of Fife and became the mother of a daughter, what rank that daughter would assume. Everybody who knows English history, knew. It was that of Lady Alexandra Duff. Precisely for the same general reason, a daughter of the Marchioness of Lorne, though she herself is a "royal highness," would have been "Miss" Campbell. Worshippers of the "blood royal" (and there are not a few, even in this notably civilized country) may claim that the "finger of providence" has concerned itself in the matter of Lord Lorne's and the Princess Louise's childlessness. But then bigots are found everywhere, and deaf-and-dumb snobbery may be lighted on in villages of the Andean slopes.

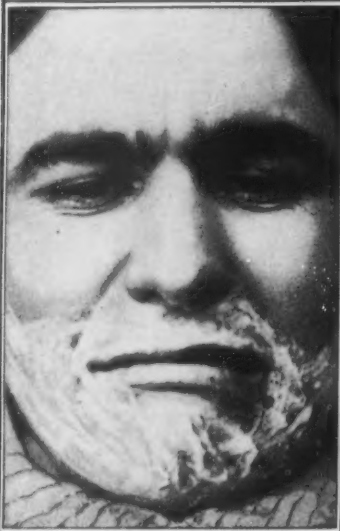
The queen of Italy is doing a rather sensational thing, and one which naturally awakes astonishment in a people so self-contained as the English. She is going to have the Roccamare Peak, in the Southern Alps—a mountain 10,500 feet high—crowned with a colossal statue of the Virgin. "Our Lady of the Snow" is to be inscribed on the pedestal of this extraordinary monument, whose abode will be constantly crowned with the white witness of winter. A famous sculptor of Turin is to conceive the statue, which will afterward be cast in bronze. Its height will be twenty-five feet, and on its pedestal will live for many ages to come a Latin inscription written by the Pope. Somehow this inscription, *verbatim et liberatim*, has already reached English eyes. A London journalist affirms regarding it:

"I had heard his Holiness was a great Latinist; I never read poorer stuff in my life. A fourth-form boy in an English public school could do better. Why keep reviving the stupid custom of patching together so-called Latin sentences which no Roman would ever have been able to make head or tail of, and then plastering the unintelligible rubbish on tombs of saints and distinguished persons?"

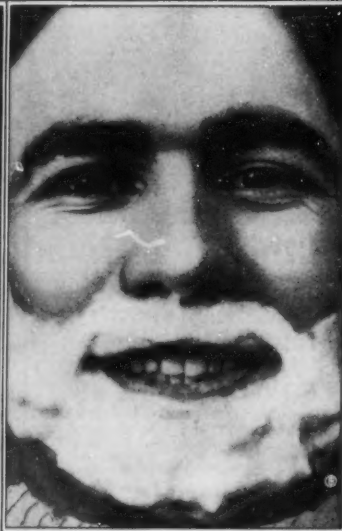
This flavors of rancor, though perhaps it is sincere as far as it goes. I have more than once heard a totally opposite opinion from admirers of the Pope's literary ability. The great sweetness of his nature need not be discussed here, for everybody who knows him reveres and treasures it. But men of high intelligence call him a Latin poet of high order. Still, if this be true, where will he find capable critics? He certainly has the fervid and enthusiastic temperament of a poet, since for years past those who have guarded him at night record how he often insists upon rising from his bed to complete a couplet or stanza which he has been unable to cope with during the day.

EDGAR FAWCETT.

WILLIAMS' SHAVING SOAP



This is how he looked when he tried a substitute for Williams' Soap, which his dealer urged upon him.



This is his expression when he had again procured the "Old Reliable" Williams' Shaving Soap.

DON'T be persuaded to buy something represented to be "just as good as WILLIAMS' SHAVING SOAP, and a little cheaper." The dealer may make a trifle more, but you'll be sad. Instead of the Big, Thick, CREAMY Lather, and the SOOTHED, REFRESHED, VELVETY FEELING of the face, that comes after shaving with WILLIAMS' SOAP, the chances are that you'll get one of the thin, frothy, quick-drying kinds that dull the razor and leave your face parched and drawn and smarting, if nothing worse.

It DON'T PAY to take chances on SHAVING SOAP. 99 out of every hundred men will tell you that Williams' are the ONLY PERFECT shaving soaps.

Williams' Shaving Soaps are used by all first-class barbers, and are sold everywhere.

Williams' Shaving Stick, 25 cts. Luxury Shaving Tablet, 25 cts.
Genuine Yankee Shaving Soap, 10 cts. Williams' Glycerated Tar Soap, 15 cts.
Williams' Shaving Soap (Barbers'), 6 round cakes, 1 lb., 40 cts. Exquisite also for Toilet. Trial tablet for 2-cent stamp. By mail if your dealer does not supply you.

THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO., GLASTONBURY, CONN.

IT KEEPS THE STOMACH SWEET

HOME
MADE
HEALTH

THE
EASY
FOOD



Quaker Oats

"A nourishing food must not only be chemically adequate, but must also be palatable and digestible."
—Prof. Chittenden, Yale College.

Quaker Oats MUFFINS

MUFFINS.—One cup cold Quaker Oats Porridge, one cup sweet milk, one tablespoonful sugar, one well-beaten egg, one-half teaspoonful of salt, one tablespoonful melted butter, two teaspoonfuls baking powder, add enough flour to stiffen batter nicely. Bake twenty minutes in muffin pans or rings.

EAT MORE Quaker Oats LESS MEAT

At All Grocers in 2-Pound Packages.

QUAKER OATS makes not only the best breakfast porridge in the world, but also delicious and wholesome bread, muffins, cakes, soups and puddings. Write for our Cereal Cook Book, edited by Mrs. Horner.

THE AMERICAN CEREAL CO.

Monadnock Building, Chicago, Ill.

SMOKERS please note!

Without any artist's allurement or the aid of the professional advertising expert, we endeavor to bring the following facts to your attention.

The hundred-for-a-dollar short smoke

which, in the intelligent and honest sense of quality is the finest ever known to the United States,

Lucke's Rolls

for pocket convenience are now put up in ten fat packets of ten each, too in a box.

Send us \$1, and we will forward you ten of these packets in their neat wood box, prepaid.

They are the only short smoke of actual character ever offered to Americans.

They have the true nectar flavor which the knowing smoker cannot mistake. They have the rich tropic taste which now-days is a surprise and a pleasure to find.

If you ever use any other short or "convenience whiff," just tear one open and compare it with a Lucke Roll. You'll see it is machine-made—short scrap-filler—bunched and choked draft—probably made of particles from the so-called "Havana," which is native-grown from Cuban seed—and being an unclimatic growth, is coarse and rank. Under different names that kind of a penny cigar has been common in the U. S., for many years.

Then try a Lucke Roll. Open one and you'll see three long leaves of choice velvety tropic-grown stock, without a particle of dirt—cleaned free of every atom by dust-blowing machines before made. Smoke one and you'll understand what we're endeavoring to explain about the "character" in Lucke's Rolls.

A selection from this stock, we are also rolling up, in a five-inch full cigar-weight smoke called The Lucke Rolled Cigar, at so for \$1.25 and 100 for \$2.25. In the satisfying sense there is no difference between this cigar and the very highest values given you at 2 for 25c.

Remit price of goods only; we prepay delivery, also return charges if the goods are not satisfactory.

J. H. LUCKE & CO., (Lucke Block) CINCINNATI, O.

Most extensive manufacturers in the world of rare and fine special goods.



A Lucke Roll. Exact size 4 in.

A BEAUTIFUL SOLID GOLD FILLED WATCH

Stem wind, stem set, beautifully engraved, with a genuine American movement, warranted for two years.

AS A PRESENT TO YOU

for a few minutes' work. All we ask is that you sell for us to your friends and neighbors 100 of our famous LADY BEAUTY PINS, at 5 cents each (regular price 10 cents). They have only to be shown to sell—every lady and girl in the land needs several.

SEND NO MONEY—WE TRUST YOU.

If you would like to have the watch, just send us your name and address, saying that you will sell the pins or return them, and we will forward them AT ONCE. We are selling a million a month of these pins, and everybody is more than pleased with them. This watch is the best ever offered, and is easily earned on account of the small amount to be sold—others are asking sales of \$50 for same watch. Send in your name to-day. Don't wait.

We have other premiums for smaller sales. You get our beautiful premium list with the goods. If you don't sell them all, you get a premium for what you do sell. The publisher of this paper will vouch for our reliability. Be sure to write us to-day.

LADIES' PIN CO., CHICAGO.

835 SCHILLER BLDG., CHICAGO.



SWEET SLUMBER FOR THE LITTLE ONES

Cascarets

CANDY CATHARTIC



10c
25c 50c

THEY WORK WHILE YOU SLEEP

ALL DRUGGISTS

THE ONLY SAFE LAXATIVE FOR CHILDREN

PHOTO. BY BYRON



HYACINTH WOODWARD (Miss Conquest) GEORGE GUNNING (Mr. Byron) MR. PARBURY (Mr. Drew) MRS. PARBURY (Miss Irving)

JOHN DREW IN "THE TYRANNY OF TEARS" AT THE EMPIRE THEATRE. SCENE FROM ACT IV.

THE DRAMA

HAVE YOU ever read Charles Lamb's essay, "A Bachelor's Complaint of the Behavior of Married People"? If you haven't, make a point of reading it before you go to see Mr. John Drew in Haddon Chambers' new play, "The Tyranny of Tears." This little comedy is practically a dramatization of that essay. Not that I mean to accuse Mr. Chambers of plagiarism, you know. It may be that he has never read it. If he hasn't, I hope he won't lose any time in looking it up; I am convinced that he would receive great consolation from it. By writing a play on the subject of the essay he has merely given fresh evidence of the universality of the theme.

I don't know whether Mr. Chambers is married or not; but, at any rate, it is safe to assume that he has been a bachelor. And, like all bachelors, he has suffered from the behavior of his friends' wives. What stories some of us could tell—those of us, I mean, who once were or still are bachelors! Who of us has not suffered from the frigidity, or the sarcasm, or the insidious pin-pricks of the wives of our friends; chiefly, of course, from the pin-pricks, the covert remarks spoken in a pleasant easy tone of voice and apparently innocent, but aimed straight at the weak point of the enemy? "They all hate us," I heard a forlorn bachelor remark one day in the presence of a group of bachelors. "All married women look upon us as their natural foes. They think we have no business not to be married, and they've formed a sort of instinctive conspiracy against us." But his was an extreme case. He had suffered far beyond the lot of the average bachelor. I believe that his experience must have been a good deal like that of Mr. Chambers.

In the development of his scheme, Mr. Chambers is very subtle. He made his bachelor and his bachelor's troubles subordinate interests. But he knew that we'd see through that device. He was also very clever in keeping his characters down to six in number. The greatest weight naturally falls on Mr. Drew, who plays the husband, Mr. Parbury. He is on the stage nearly all the time and nearly all the time he is talking volubly. Mr. Chambers has made him one of those English authors whose prosperity is the despair of the poor scribblers on this side of the water. Mr. Parbury has a wife and a secretary, Miss Hyacinth Woodward. He also has a friend, Mr. George Gunning. In the first act, the author establishes the situation. Mrs. Parbury, after the manner of many a literary man's wife, has no respect for her husband's work, and interrupts it whenever she pleases. When he protests against that, or anything else, she melts into tears. The secretary sits at her desk, passive, well-dressed and pretty; also observing. The husband is finding the tears unbearable when in steps George after five years of absence. Parbury receives him warmly; Parbury's wife, who has driven off all of the other bachelor friends, gives him two cold fingers. George urges Parbury to join him in a little cruise on his yacht. Parbury is delighted; he hasn't had a holiday for ages. Mrs. Parbury is delighted, too; she is fond of yachting. Then the two friends look glum. They decide to abandon the trip. This is practically all there is in the first act, except that George has "taken notice" of Miss Woodward. It seems thin, but it really isn't. The characters are deftly sketched, and the dialogue, without seeming to strive for effect, is spontaneous and humorous. Five minutes later we meet our friends again. Mrs. Parbury con-

tinues to treat her guest with frigid courtesy, giving him occasionally one of those little stabs. George, meanwhile, takes more notice of Miss Woodward. Silent and reserved as she is—"she knows her place"—he persuades her to tell him the story of her life. She is the thirteenth daughter of one of those terribly improvident English clergymen that the English novelists are always telling us about. All of the daughters are named for flowers. Some are married; some work; some stay at home. The warmed-over dishes are very tiresome, and as for the clothes that pass down from hand to hand! One daughter became a governess. "I should rather be a domestic servant," says Hyacinth Woodward, rather tartly. As a typewriting secretary, she is very contented. Yes, that's all. And she goes back to her work, leaving Gunning in the baffled condition which, on the stage, always marks the beginning of love. A few moments later, she goes to the mantelpiece, takes down a photograph of her employer and looks at it pityingly. She has her opinion of men whose wives bully them and

alienate their friends. You see, Mr. Chambers doesn't believe that all women are cat-like. As Miss Woodward moralizes, she places on the photograph a maternal kiss. At that moment, Mrs. Parbury enters. She suggests that Miss Woodward return home at once. But Hyacinth shudders at the thought of the cold mutton and the old frocks. No. She has done nothing; she will stay. Mrs. Parbury appeals to her husband. But why should Miss Woodward go? She is indispensable. Mrs. Parbury tightens her mouth. "There are some things that can't be told to some husbands." Mr. Parbury must choose between the secretary and herself. Again she weeps. This time Parbury is firm—perhaps because his bachelor friend is in the house. "Oh, he'll never let me go," says Mrs. Parbury. But he does. Her father, who has called and who has suffered from the decisive character of his late wife, marches off with her, disconsolate.

The story is practically told. We know that George Gunning is going to marry Hyacinth Woodward and that Mrs. Parbury is going to eat humble pie and promise to be good. So the dramatist may be expected to wind things up pretty quickly. But this is just what he doesn't do. He carries the theme on through two more acts—long acts at that. They are both capably written and they contain some pretty scenes, especially between our bachelor friend and the secretary; but they don't sustain the interest. However, the audience listened attentively and seemed to enjoy it all. In spite of this serious defect, the piece must be set down as one of the cleverest of its kind we have had in several seasons. It completely smashes the theory of the manager, that to win success a piece must have a complicated plot and "strong curtains." In "The Tyranny of Tears" every curtain is a quiet curtain, and the audience did not appear to mind.

As Mr. Parbury, a difficult part demanding fineness of method, Mr. John Drew has made a great personal success. In his naturalness, his ease, and his sureness he is more like a French actor than any comedian we have, with the exception of Mr. Charles Coghlan and Mr. John Mason. He possesses a kind of genius for society comedy. He is less successful in the moments of pathos that the new piece gives him. He takes them too hard, makes them too strenuous. They would be far more delicate and moving if they were lightened with a suggestion of the whimsical humor that Mr. Drew often employs with eminent success. Miss Isabel Irving, in the rather thankless part of Mrs. Parbury, shows her usual facility and intelligence, but she constantly weakens her effects by over-emphasis. The character of George Gunning falls to Mr. Arthur Byron—a nephew, by the way, of Miss Ada Rehan—who plays it with a great deal of spirit, if not always with the best of taste. Miss Ida Conquest makes a pretty and pleasing Hyacinth Woodward, and as the egotistical father of Mrs. Parbury, the least interesting figure in the play, Mr. Harry Harwood acts with sincerity and skill. A nice bit of characterization is done by Mr. Frank Lamb as a servant.

The piece will carry Mr. Drew triumphantly through the season; and it will give Mr. Haddon Chambers a much higher place than he has hitherto occupied. Though essentially a man's play, written from the bachelor's point of view, it will find high favor with women. They will despise Mrs. Parbury and they will sympathize with Mrs. Parbury's husband. I wonder what they will think of the bachelor? "There are some people that women are severer with than bachelors," says my bachelor-friend, already quoted. "Other women." But, as I have explained, he has suffered, and his sufferings have made him cynical.

JOHN D. BARRY.



PHOTOGRAPHED ESPECIALLY FOR COLLIER'S WEEKLY BY PAGH BROS.

JOHN DREW



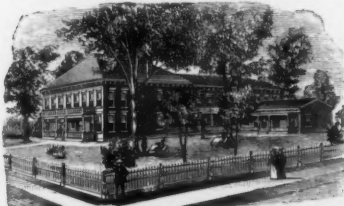
Highest Standard

There is never a time when it fails to satisfy even the most critical, because

Hunter Baltimore Rye

Maintains always its high standard of Purity, Age, Flavor.

Sold at all First-class Cafes and by Jobbers. WM. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.



DR. B. F. BYE'S SANATORIUM, Indianapolis, Ind.

Cancer

Cured With Soothing Balm Oils.

Cancer, Tumor, Pile, Eczema and skin diseases. Cancer of the nose, eye, lip, ear, neck, breast, stomach, womb—in fact, all internal or external organs or tissues, cured without knife or burning plasters, but with soothing aromatic oils. Send for an illustrated book on the above diseases. Home treatment sent in most cases. Address as above.



Goodform Closet Sets

keep clothes shapely, closets orderly and take only half the room you now use for the same garments.

Men's Sets, \$3.00 each, express paid—12 garment yokes, 6 trousers hangers, 3 shelf bars, 1 loop.
Women's Sets, same price. If your dealer hasn't them, remit to us. Booklet free. Money back in 6 mos. if not satisfactory.

Chicago Form Co., 91-125 La Salle St., Chicago

Good Points about the Wizard "B"

This new model 4x5 Folding Camera is constructed of highly polished mahogany, covered with the best black seal grain cowhide. The bellows is of rich leather, and all metal parts are finished in nickel. The ground glass is spring actuated, and can be quickly removed when a roll holder is used.

The lens is our Manhattan Rapid Rectilinear, especially ground for general work, thus making, with our Wizard Shutter, a standard optical equipment for amateurs. Each camera will carry three holders in the back, and is provided with a reversible finder, two tripod sockets, and one plate holder.

\$14 Gives the same results as a \$25 outfit.

WIZARD CAMERAS are made in 27 styles and cover the entire Camera demand. New Catalogue of Manhattan Products sent free if you mention Collier's Weekly.

MANHATTAN OPTICAL CO. of N. Y. Address Factory, Cresskill, N. J.

SAVE ONE-HALF YOUR FUEL We Tell You How. **FREE** 256 that tells all about Magic Lamps and Stereoscopes—how to operate them—how much they cost—how men with small capital can make money with them. Sent free. McALLISTER Bldg. Optician, 49 Nassau St., N. Y.

BOY, BALK, AND BATTERY

A BOY, residing in the classical town of Napoleon, O., had a Napoleonic idea suggested to him by a novel recipe for balky horses, indorsed by the West Pennsylvania Humane Society. As a result of his experiment he now limps about with his face in a sling and a broken arm. Electrical treatment had been the means recommended.

A small storage-battery, a push-button and wire were accordingly purchased by the boy. The battery was then rigged up on a buckboard, to which the animal was attached, the wires connecting with the bit and crupper. As was anticipated, the horse refused to budge. Young William, who was seated in the car, looked at his father, who was an interested spectator, and giving him a knowing wink, said: "Now see the fun, dad," touching the button connected with the battery.

The amateur horse-trainer's mind was a blank from the moment his fingers came in contact with the button, and remained so for over an hour. The surgeon who was called to restore the young man to citizenship and life received a detailed account of the electrical experiment by the lad's father, who said: "When Willie touched that button that colt gave a snort, kicked and jumped like she was possessed. She became so lively that I don't know just how it all did happen. Poor Will laid there on the ground; his face was white and his nose was bleeding. I thought he was dead. I got a bucket and poured water all over him. The buckboard was on top of the fence, and the colt was going down the road at a Nancy Hanks gait. Electricity for automobiles may be all right, but for balky colts it's no good. Is it, Willie?"

A STRAIGHT TIP

LITTLE BROTHER: "Can't you walk straight, Mr. Mangle?"

Mr. Mangle: "Of course I can. Why do you ask?"

Little Brother: "Oh, nothin'; only I heard sister say she'd make you walk straight when she married you. And ma said she'd help her."

THE AUTOMOBILE FACE

SHE was surrounded by a bevy of eager, questioning ladies, and she enjoyed it. "Yes, it's delightful," she said, enthusiastically. "I can't describe the sensation, but I imagine that it's very like that of sailing through the air on wings. And it seems so odd to be moving rapidly along without any visible motive power."

"Where do they keep the motor?"

"I never thought to inquire or investigate. I just ride for pleasure, you know."

"I should think you'd be interested in the mechanism," said the plain-faced little woman. "Not a bit. Do you study the machinery of a steamboat or of a locomotive when you travel? Of course not. It is enough for me to know that you go skimming along, dodging hither and thither like a swallow, and enjoying a buoyant exhilaration."

"Puts on a good many airs," said one neighbor to another, as they walked home after the rapidly disappearing automobile. "You'd think that she invented the horseless carriage and owned the only one in use, instead of taking a few rides by special invitation. And did you notice that she's getting the automobile face?"

"I noticed she looked kind of queer."

"Yes, proud and puffed up, as if she were somebody better'n any other woman. That's the way they all look."

A FEELING CONDOLENCE

A CERTAIN lithographic establishment recently received from a customer a printed circular announcing the death of the head of the firm. It was given to the clerk, with instructions to write a letter of condolence in reply, and this is what he sent:

"We are greatly pained to learn of the loss sustained by your firm, and extend to you our heartiest sympathy. We notice that the circular you send us announcing Mr. —'s death is lithographed by Messrs. —. We regret that you did not see your way to let us estimate for the printing of the same. The next time there is a bereavement in your house we shall be glad to quote you for lithographed circulars, and are confident that we can give you better work at less cost than anybody else in the business. Trusting we may soon have an opportunity of quoting our prices, we remain, with profound sympathy, yours truly."

THE FRENCHMAN'S JOKE

BARTENDER: "What'll y' have?"

Frenchman: "I will take a drop of contradiction."

Bartender: "What's that?"

Frenchman: "Vell, you put in de visky to make it strong, de vater to make it weak, de lemon to make it sour, and de sugar to make it sweet. Den you say to your friend, 'Here's to you!' and you take it yourself."

NO MONEY

Plush and Lining Guaranteed for two years. If it does not wear well we will send you a new cape free.



Silk Plush Cape
Worth \$10 for \$3.50

EXAMINE it at your express office; assure yourself that it is a great bargain as you ever saw—easily worth \$10; pay agent \$3.50 and cape is yours; or will forward it on receipt of price and 40c additional for expressage. Money refunded on request. A Special Offer, at an astonishingly low figure, made to increase our mailing list and spread our catalog. This is a New 1899 Sewell Empire Cape, 22 in. long, reaching 6 in. below waist, of real Silk Seal Plush, lined throughout with black marooned satin, edged all around with black Russian curly Thibet fur, fully worth \$10—our price—(give neck and waist measure). **\$3.50**

FREE—Our new fall catalogue No. 118, of Ladies' Jackets, Capes, Suits, Skirts, Waists and Furs. A Directory of Fashions, illustrated in colors, a book worth having. A postal brings it FREE. Write immediately.

M. PHILIPSBORN, 138 State Street, CHICAGO.

There is no Kodak but the Eastman Kodak.

Kodaks

make photography simple, easy.
\$5.00 to \$35.00.

EASTMAN KODAK CO.

Rochester, N. Y.

Catalogues free at the dealers or by mail.



Opens the pores and sweats all the poisons out of the blood, leaving it pure and healthy. Physicians recommend it for the cure of La Grippe, Colds, Kidney, Liver, Blood and Skin Diseases, Rheumatism, etc. If you are sick, it will make you well—if well, it will keep you so.

Price—No. 1 \$12.50, No. 2 \$7.50, No. 3 \$5.00

There are cheap imitations of the Robinson Cabinet on the market—don't be deceived by them. Sent C. O. D. with privilege of examination. Try it 30 days, and if not satisfied we will gladly refund your money.

Write to-day for full particulars and free book, "Health and Beauty"

We want bright, energetic men and women everywhere to open branch offices for us in every city and town. One representative made \$300 in the first 30 days; another is making \$75 a month; others \$25 to \$100 a day and upwards. Why work on a small salary when you can make much more representing us, and be your own boss? Teachers, clerks, bookkeepers, etc., do especially well. Any bright, hustling man or woman can make a big income.

ROBINSON THERMAL BATH CO.,

709-717 JEFFERSON STREET.

TOLEDO, OHIO



ONE CENT spent for a postal card will bring you FREE our sample book, containing

63 SAMPLES OF CLOTH with instruction for self measurement for our to your order custom-tailor made Fashionable

Suits and Overcoats

AT PRICES FROM \$10.00 UP.

Garments that wear well and look well! Equal to the best! Made by skilled union tailors and expert cutters! Perfect fit absolutely guaranteed.

THE HANSEN TAILORING CO.

1626-1628 NORTH CLARK STREET, CHICAGO

AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE.



IF YOUR HAIR is not satisfactory it can be made so safely, quickly, and at slight expense. Gray hair restored to original color, bleached hair to any shade, falling hair stopped, luxuriant hair produced. Booklet and price list free. IMPERIAL HAIR CO., 205 Fifth Avenue, New York.

RUPTURE CURED

The Improved Elastic Truss is the only truss in existence that is worn with absolute comfort night and day, as it retains the rupture under the hardest exercise or severe strain, and will effect a permanent and speedy cure without regard to the age of the patient. Will you, after these plain, truthful statements, continue to suffer and risk your life by wearing an old style imperfect truss? Dare you go without a truss, knowing that you are daily growing worse and that within a short time you will be a physical wreck? Don't suffer any longer.

Those interested call or send for one of our catalogues free of charge.

IMPROVED ELASTIC TRUSS CO., 768 Broadway, New York City.

ESTABLISHED 17 YEARS. Our Trusses are not sold by Agents or Druggists.

The AUTOMOBILE



A high-class illustrated monthly, devoted to the interests of the horseless vehicle, containing exhaustive information pertaining to the development and evolution of modern propulsion. The magnitude of the age, and should be read by all who wish to be up to date and abreast of the times.

10 cents per copy, \$1 per year.

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT

The October number of The Automobile will contain upwards of one hundred illustrations of various types of vehicles and analogous features—Touring on the Road—Scenes in the Parks and on the Boulevards—Latest News and Reports from our special correspondents in all European Capitals—Automobile Fashions—Modes from Paris—Gowns, Skirts, Jackets, Hats, and what is Good Form on the Road or Calling—The Floral Automobile Parade at Newport, comprising over 30 Autos in Line.

October, 100,000 Copies, 60 Illustrations, 50 pages.
November, 200,000 Copies, 200 Illustrations, 60 pages.
December, 300,000 Copies, 300 Illustrations, 80 pages.
Christmas Number, 1,000,000 Copies, 500 Illustrations, 100 pages.

THE AUTOMOBILE PUBLISHING CO., St. James Building, 26th St. and Broadway, New York, and all News Companies.

DON'T SEW ON BUTTONS!

Bachelor Buttons made with IMPROVED WASHBURN PATENT FASTENERS slip on in a jiffy. Press a little lever—they hold like grim death, but don't injure the fabric. Instantly released when desired. By mail, 10c each. Illustration showing collar buttons and other useful novelties made with these fasteners, free on request.

American Ring Co., Box 36, Waterbury, Conn.

Go in Business

For Yourself

A TURKISH BATH AT HOME

A GREAT PHYSICIAN SAYS: "75 per cent of all diseases and sickness is caused by the pores becoming clogged, thus shutting up in the blood the poisons and impurities which Nature intended they should eliminate."—SIR ERASMUS WILSON.

Robinson's Bath Cabinet

Opens the pores and sweats all the poisons out of the blood, leaving it pure and healthy. Physicians recommend it for the cure of La Grippe, Colds, Kidney, Liver, Blood and Skin Diseases, Rheumatism, etc. If you are sick, it will make you well—if well, it will keep you so.

Price—No. 1 \$12.50, No. 2 \$7.50, No. 3 \$5.00

There are cheap imitations of the Robinson Cabinet on the market—don't be deceived by them. Sent C. O. D. with privilege of examination. Try it 30 days, and if not satisfied we will gladly refund your money.

Write to-day for full particulars and free book, "Health and Beauty"

We want bright, energetic men and women everywhere to open branch offices for us in every city and town. One representative made \$300 in the first 30 days; another is making \$75 a month; others \$25 to \$100 a day and upwards. Why work on a small salary when you can make much more representing us, and be your own boss? Teachers, clerks, bookkeepers, etc., do especially well. Any bright, hustling man or woman can make a big income.

ROBINSON THERMAL BATH CO.,

709-717 JEFFERSON STREET.

TOLEDO, OHIO

1088
Dyspeptics made a report after using
JOHNSON'S DIGESTIVE TABLETS.
88% Cured or relieved
IN BLUE BOTTLES.

WHEEL CHAIRS and other INVALIDS' GOODS.
Reclining Chairs. Comfort for All. Catalogue Free.
STEVENS' CHAIR CO., 801 NINTH STREET, PITTSBURG, PA.

THE ELECTROPOISE IN THE PHILIPPINES

Marine Barracks,

Naval Station, CAVITE, P. I.,
JULY 26, 1909.

Dear Sir:

I am in receipt of your note relating to my experience in using the Electro-poise.

It gives me great pleasure to state that I have used it very frequently for insomnia and have found it reliable and always effective. I consider it invaluable, and cheerfully recommend it. You are at liberty to use this letter for publication in your book of references.

Very truly yours,

J. L. Dope
Colonel, Com'd'g Manila Marine Battalion.

The Electro-poise Company,
1123 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

We have just published a new, illustrated book of 128 pages, containing more than 300 letters from those who have been cured of Rheumatism, Neuralgia, La Grippe, Asthma and all Nervous Afflictions, by the use of the Electro-poise. This will be mailed absolutely free to all requesting it. Send your own address and that of your invalid friends. Agents wanted.

The Electro-poise Co., 1123 Broadway, New York



THE ELECTROPOISE APPLIED

It's just as Easy

to have your room warm
as to have it cold.



BARLER HEATERS

are made for cold weather. They are not the cheap kind that get out of order but every one gives satisfaction and will last a lifetime.

**NO SMOKE.
NO ODOR.**

Solid brass oil tank and burners. If your dealer don't sell BARLER HEATERS we will ship you one on approval and pay the freight.

One Cent will run it One Hour.

A. C. Barler Mfg. Co.,
106 Lake Street, CHICAGO. Office A.

From the Shop

to the office; from a small salary to a good one, is but a step if you get the right way about it. Our system makes it easy for you to

CHANGE YOUR WORK
without loss of present salary. We guarantee to give you an education by mail in Steam, Electrical, Mechanical or Civil Engineering; Mechanical and Architectural Drawing; Bookkeeping; Shorthand, and English Branches. 17,000 students and graduates. Write and state what profession you wish to enter.

The International Correspondence Schools,
Box 1198, Scranton, Pa.

To the Office

SPORTS OF THE AMATEUR ON FIELD AND WATER



"Who misses or who wins the prize,
Go lose or conquer as you can;
But if you fail or if you rise,
Be each, pray God, a gentleman!"



NEWS OF THE CUP YACHTS

UNLESS all signs fail, the coming international races between the yachts *Columbia* and *Shamrock* bid fair to be the closest contests, and therefore the most interesting of any yet witnessed, since the advent of the modern type of large racing yachts.

According to an article published in the London "Times" early this month, the following dimensions of the America's Cup challenger are "absolutely trustworthy": Length, 127 feet 9 inches; breadth, 24 feet 6½ inches; load water line, 89 feet 2 inches; length of overhang forward, 17 feet 2 inches; length of overhang aft, 21 feet 5 inches; draught, 20 feet 3 inches; area midship section, 130 feet; coefficient ditto, 278 feet; area of lateral plane, 970 feet; coefficient of displacement, 134 feet; area of load water plane, 1,493 feet; wetted surface, 2,916 feet; tons per inch immersion, 3.54; displacement, 160.

That the utmost good feeling exists, and is likely to continue between those immediately concerned in the challenger and defender of the "blue-ribbon of the sea," is shown by the recent visit of Commodore J. Pierpont Morgan of the New York Yacht Club to Sir Thomas Lipton in the former's steam yacht *Corsair*, and the acceptance by *Shamrock's* owner of C. Oliver Iselin's invitation to dinner at the latter's home on September 14.

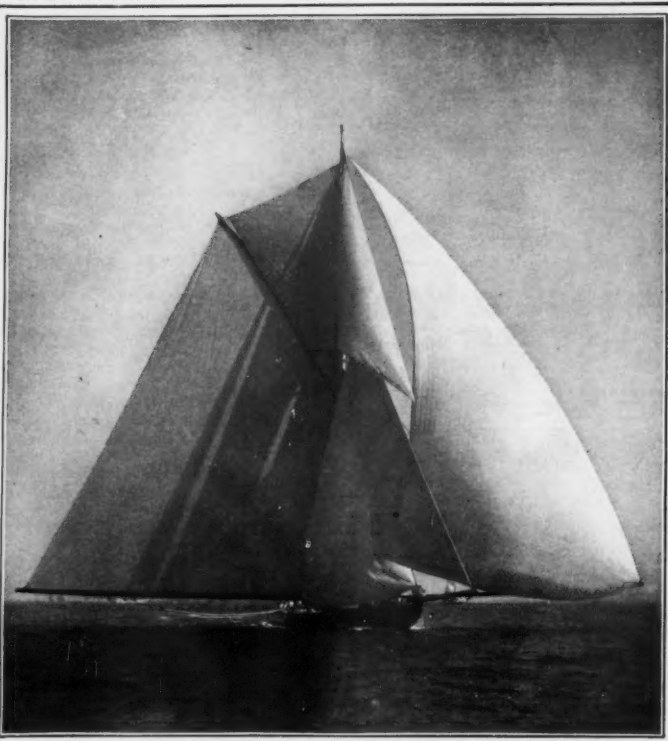
Sir Thomas, not with a desire to be exclusive, lives on board his magnificent steam yacht *Eru*, anchored in the Horseshoe back of Sandy Hook, where also lies *Shamrock* and her steam tender the *Plymouth*, the tug *Lawrence*, the lighter *Uster*, and the launch *Kilween*.

Speaking of his yacht the other day, Sir Thomas said: "I have given up all thought of business or pleasure until after these races. I must look after my boat every day and all the time, so that she may be ready when the time comes to lift that cup. I feel sure we are going to have a fine race, but we have no time to lose in getting ready, so I have denied myself the pleasure of accepting any of the very kind invitations sent me."

That was a lucky accident to *Shamrock's* gaff on September 13, for if it had happened during one of the cup contests it would surely have cost her the race. It was also a note of caution regarding the use of light material in important spars.

It seems the yachts are not to be drydocked together for the purpose of being measured before the race, as in former years. *Shamrock* may be put in Erie Basin, but the Herreshoffs have found that their own ways at Bristol are the safest and best on which to haul *Columbia* out for cleaning and measuring.

COPYRIGHT BY WEST & SON



"SHAMROCK," IN RACING RIG, DEAD BEFORE THE WIND

With her mended gaff *Shamrock* made very good time on September 15, when she sailed over a course ten miles to leeward and return from Scotland Lightship in 3h. and 50s. She started at 12.47, and according to the patent log used on the press tug, the yacht covered the first five miles in 35m., and the second five in 40m. 30s. The wind was light from the southwest.

Rounding the outer mark at 2.02.30, she made five tacks to reach the windward mark at the finish—about thirteen miles in all—which she covered in 1h. 45m. 20s., so that her average speed for the twenty-three miles was about eight knots an hour.

The summary follows:

Yacht.	Start.	1st Mark.	Finish.	Elapsed time.
	H. M. S.	H. M. S.	H. M. S.	H. M. S.
Shamrock	12 47 00	2 02 30	3 47 50	3 00 50

On Monday, September 18, *Shamrock* again went out for a sail-stretching spin. This time the wind was blowing from the southeast, about ten miles at the start, the course being laid fifteen miles dead to windward. It was the full Cup course, and she covered it in 3h. 29m. Those who watched her closely say that she made longer tacks in the windward work than were necessary, thus increasing the distance to something over twenty miles; 2h. 15m. 50s. were occupied in this work, an average speed of 8.8 knots an hour.

Some quick work was done at the outer mark when the crew set the spinnaker in just one minute after rounding. *Shamrock* developed better speed in this work and in the reach that followed with the wind abeam than at any of her previous trials. She covered the fifteen miles in 1h. 13m., the wind increasing to fifteen miles an hour during the run.

Here is the summary of this trial:

Yacht.	Start.	Outer Mark.	Finish.	Elapsed time.
	H. M. S.	H. M. S.	H. M. S.	H. M. S.
Shamrock	11 55 00	2 10 50	3 24 00	3 29 00

Let us hope that the weather off Sandy Hook during the races, now close at hand, may be pleasant, but with breezes of sufficient strength to fairly test the speed and weatherly qualities of each yacht, so that sportsmen the world over may say: "It was a clear and brilliant contest and to the victor belongs the spoils."

JAMES C. SUMMERS.

FREE WHISKEY FOR MEDICINE.

Send us your order for four full quarts of 10-year-old Rye for \$3.15, EXPRESS PREPAID, and we will send you free of charge two sample bottles one 12 one 16-year old Rye, a corkscrew and a gold tipped whiskey glass. We make this offer simply to get you to try the goods. We also have this same brand 8-years old which we will dispose of at \$2.50 per gallon, in lots of two or more gallons at one shipment. We also give sample bottles, glass and corkscrew with these goods. If goods are not satisfactory you can return them at our expense we will return your money to you. These goods are shipped direct from the distilling company, which guarantees their purity, and saves middle men's profit.

No marks on package to indicate contents.

References, any express company, as they handle thousands of our packages.

KELLERSTRASS DISTILLING CO.,

24-26 WEST 14TH STREET, KANSAS CITY, MO.

NOTE—Orders from Ariz., Colo., Calif., Idaho, Mont., Nev., N. Mex., Ore., Utah, Wash., Wyo., must call for twenty quarts by freight prepaid.

Limber the Links

Keep the chain on your wheel in perfect condition with

DIXON'S CYCLE CHAIN GRAPHITES

In five styles, stick and paste forms. The best lubricant for chains and sprockets. Sold by all dealers.

JOSEPH DIXON CRUCIBLE CO., Jersey City, N. J.



5000 BICYCLES

Overstock. Must be closed out. Standard '99 Models guaranteed, \$10 to \$25. '98 & '97 models \$8 to \$15. Shopworn and second hand wheels, good machines, \$3 to \$10. Great Factory Clearing Sale. We ship anywhere, to any one, on approval and trial without a cent in advance.

EARN A BICYCLE by helping us advertise our superb wheels. Easy work and sure reward on our new plan. We will give one Rider Agent in each town FREE USE of Sample Wheel to introduce them. Write at Once for Our Special Offer. **R. G. MEAD CYCLE CO., Chicago, Ill.**

25 PERCENT COMMISSION

and a special PRESENT to every customer, and freight paid. No trouble getting orders for our TEAS, COFFEES, SPICES, EXTRACTS, BAKING POWDER, &c.

Satisfaction guaranteed. Full particulars free.

Collier's. **GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY,**

P. O. Box 289. 31 & 33 Vesey Street, New York.



INGERSOLL DOLLAR SEWING MACHINE.

Warranted to do Perfect Sewing on any Fabric; Lock-Stitch; Uses Regular Machine Needles and Thread; a Delight to Girls for making Dolls' Clothing and also capable of doing Family Sewing. Strongly and Perfectly Built and Guaranteed. Your Money Back if You Want It. Sent by Express for only \$1.00. By Mail \$2c. Extra. Large Catalogue of Merchandise sent FREE. **R. H. INGERSOLL & BRO.,** Dept. 36 67 Cortlandt St., N. Y.

The Natural Body Brace

Simple. Comfortable. Adjustable to any Figure. Cures Ailments Peculiar to Women

TRIAL FREE. Quickly, Cheaply, Surely, even after everything else has failed.

No publicity, no medicine, NO INTERNAL SUPPORT, nothing objectionable. Makes weak women well. Makes all women graceful. Brings health, strength, comfort, graceful poise, upright carriage, perfect freedom for all exercise. A priceless boon to the feeble woman. A benefit to all women. INVALUABLE TO THE PROSPECTIVE MOTHER. Worn with any dress, with or without corset. Why suffer when health and comfort are so easily obtained? The following is one of more than 15,000 similar letters:

Kirkwood, Ill., July 14, 1909.
I had suffered 12 years from falling womb, constipation, backache, sleepless nights, headache, nervousness, and general weakness all over. Since wearing your Brace 5 months, I thank God and you that I have new life all through me; can do 10 days work in one; no more terrible backache—all gone; I sleep all night long; my nerves are wonderfully strengthened; my memory is better than it has been for years; in fact I feel as young as ever. **JULIA BRECKENMAKER.**

Write for our free trial offer, information as to prices and illustrated book, all mailed free in plain sealed envelope. Address: **The Natural Body Brace Co., Box 540, Salina, Kansas.**





FRED. HERD, CHAMPION OF '98; JUST AFTER PUTTING



A TYPICAL PUTTING SCENE

OPEN CHAMPIONSHIP GOLF

In winning the open championship of the United States Golf Association in 1915, Willie Smith of the Midlothian Club of Chicago made a record that only those who went against him and those who have played upon the course can appreciate. In the entire field of professionals and a few amateurs, but among them the winner of the national, the nearest approach to Willie Smith was just eleven strokes behind him. At this point—namely, 326—three professionals were grouped, Low, Way and Fitzjohn, while Willie Anderson was next at 327.

Harriman, the amateur champion, led the ranks of the non-professionals with a score of 339, tying at that figure A. Smith of Chicago Golf Club, Alex. Smith of Washington Park, and Alec Patrick of the Century Club, Westchester; but they were removed from Willie Smith by no less than ten, who, after the first

position as far as football is concerned since the introduction of the sport when, through the practice with Canadian teams, she acquired a knowledge of Rugby that led her to secure the adoption of it in American colleges. Never since that day has she had really the superiority in knowledge of the game over the other colleges which she has gained in the last year, and

mass of material was turned over into his hands, and he turned out Haughton, Mills, Donald, and Eaton, to say nothing of two or three other men whom he could have used on a pinch. In other words, Harvard had four tackles the product of Bert Waters' coaching, any two of whom could give a good account of themselves when called upon. The same was true of the centre position. Here Lewis, one of the best educated snapbacks that ever stood over a ball, with years of experience in coaching and playing, had put into his hands material big enough to render him certain of all the weight that he wanted, and nothing could have been more satisfactory to Lewis than to furnish him with size and let him do the rest. His success in the development of Jaffray as well as Burnett was demonstrated on the field of play. Boal and Burden also owe their development and education to this principle.

On the ends, Harvard had for teachers, in the first



THE SMALLEST CADDIE BOYS. GUS. HENZIL, THE CHAMPION CADDIE, ON THE RIGHT

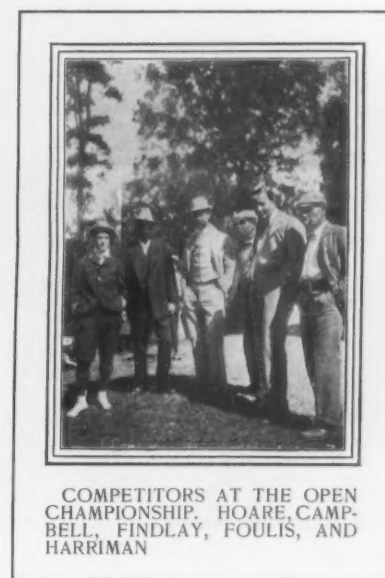


WILLIE SMITH, CHAMPION GOLFER OF THE U. S. AT FINISH OF SWING

which she has backed up with a body of excellent material. Some people are inclined to ask where this superiority in coaching has come from, and whether the stories of Harvard's football education have not been magnified. In fact, there are plenty who say that, just because Harvard won, every one is accrediting them with more football knowledge than they deserve. This is a huge mistake, and the people who believe that Harvard did not have a rocky path, are entirely in the dark in regard to football methods.

The way the matter was accomplished was through the development of a large mass of material which Mr. Forbes contended must be brought out. Then behind him stood the various expert coaches, and it will give one something of an idea of what the men of last year's team knew, to consider just where they got their information and of what quality it was.

Harvard had a number of good men in the way of material for the making of tackles, and tackle is to-day one of the most important positions, especially in defensive work, along the rush line. There is no man who understands the position better, or who can play it with more vigor and dash, than Bert Waters, and his experience in coaching has been considerable. This



COMPETITORS AT THE OPEN CHAMPIONSHIP. HOARE, CAMPBELL, FINDLAY, FOULIS, AND HARRIMAN

mentioned, were Jack Park, the Essex Club, Orange; Harry Yullane, St. David's, Philadelphia; Peter Walker, Onwentsia; L. Auchterlonie, Glenview, Chicago; Alec Campbell, Country Club, Brookline; and Alex. Findlay, Boston. The first twenty finished with a gap from Smith to Foulis of thirty-one strokes.

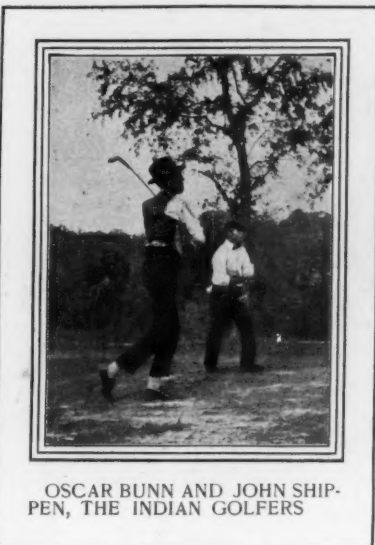
HARVARD FOOTBALL

Harvard starts off her football season under a most energetic leader in Captain Burden and with a coach in Mr. Dibblee who, if he proves as able a coach as he did a captain, will make Harvard very hard to beat. Harvard has never been in such a good

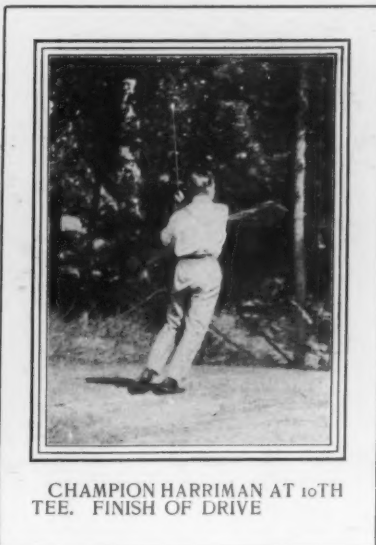
place, Frank Hallowell, who was noted as one of Harvard's greatest ends and an especial student of the game, with Bob Emmons, Cabot, Moulton, Upton, and others ready to carry out any ideas that were suggested.

Behind the line at quarter Bob Wren and Dudley Dean followed the work of Daly, while Dibblee himself, under the direction of Forbes, educated the men behind the line.

When, therefore, any one makes the statement, or believes for a moment, that the work of Harvard last year was accidental or something which came from



OSCAR BUNN AND JOHN SHIPPEN, THE INDIAN GOLFERS



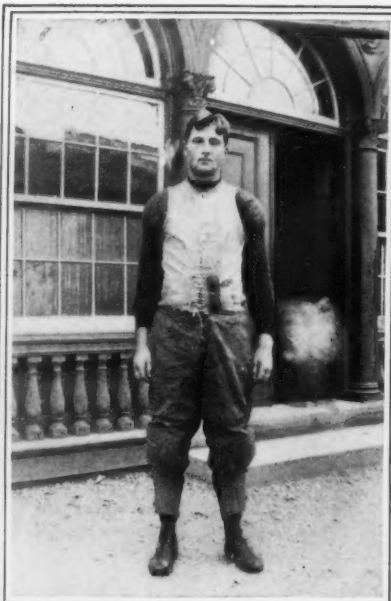
CHAMPION HARRIMAN AT 10TH TEE. FINISH OF DRIVE



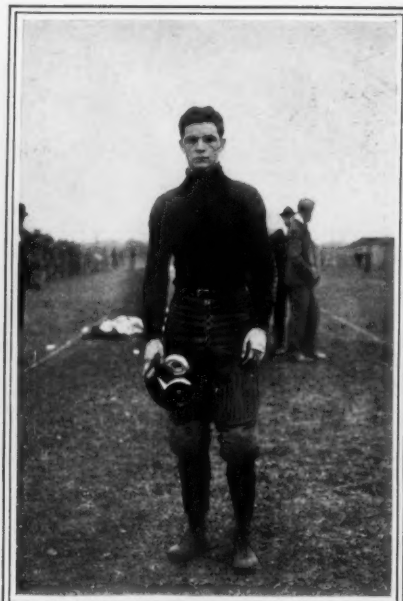
WILLIE ANDERSON, WHO FINISHED FIFTH, AT TOP OF SWING



COACH DIBBLEE



CAPTAIN BURDEN



QUARTER-BACK DALY

THREE MEN PROMINENT IN HARVARD'S FOOTBALL COUNCILS FOR 1899

temporary favoring conditions, and that this year Harvard's team will be back just where it was in former years, has given but little thought to the situation.

As to the material, what may show up in September is a question, but there were several good men last year in the mass of material which Forbes brought out, and in fact a first-class team could be made of the men whom the average football enthusiast at the side lines in the games has never seen or heard of. For instance, Kendall, Gierasch, Ellis, Sawin, and Parker behind any good line would make things especially lively for even any first-class team. Then there is Lawrence, Devins, Hale, and Blagdon. On the field last year there were men who were counted upon for this year's line and second eleven, like C. Sargent, Green, Eaton, and Swain, the latter being the man who was out of it last year, but who the year before put up such a good game at tackle. In fact, as in rowing, Harvard has in football begun at the bottom, spent two seasons in getting together a mass of material twice the size of that at any other university and fully as high in quality, and the result promises to be a period of comparative comfort for Harvard coaches and sympathizers. While plenty of good material does not of itself mean victory it does mean the placing of the coaches in such a position as to insure them the full returns from their work. It bars out in a great measure the element of luck, for a twisted knee or broken bone does not then mean the loss of the game.

Harvard has seen the time when so great was her dependence upon a single star that if he were injured every one gave up hope. That time is not likely to come again for some years. There is talk of playing Dibblee again instead of having him for head coach.

It would be a pleasure to see this wonderful half-back in the game again, and whatever the merits of the case are in the minds of the Harvard management—whether he can be of more value as coach or player—the public and the football lover would most like to see him once more behind the line, ready to carry out those marvelous runs of his. This would be far better fun than to see some other man whom Dibblee had coached try to make these runs. There is a story going to the effect that efforts are being made toward the rehabilitation of one of the disqualified players of Western notoriety. He is a remarkably powerful man and one of the best men behind the line that the West has ever produced.

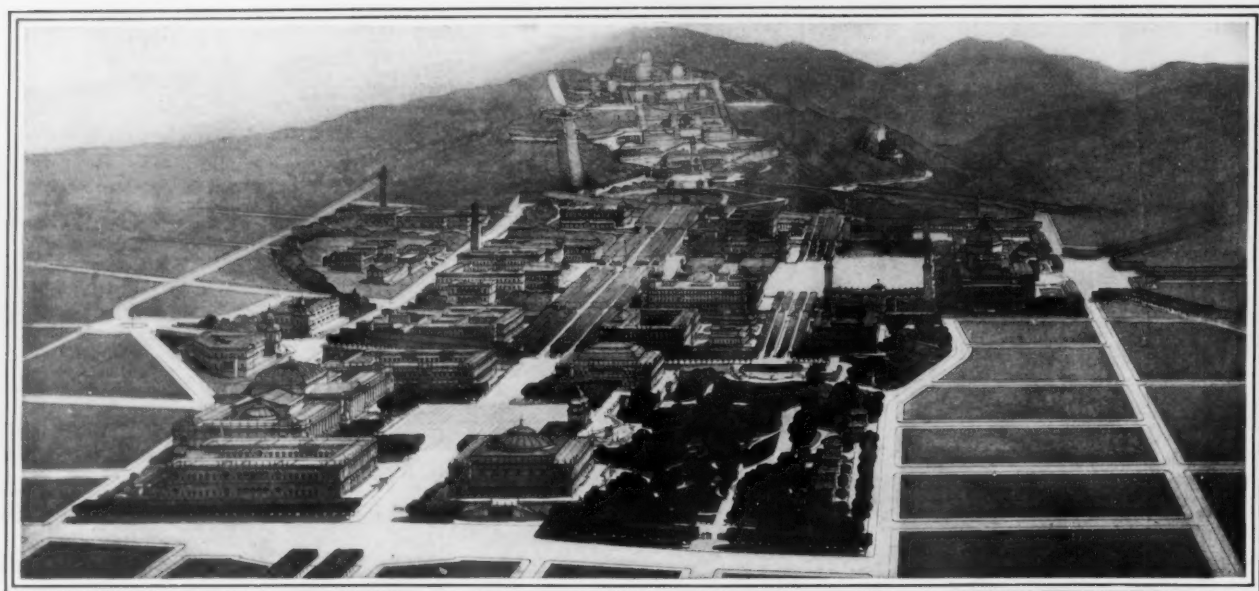
The style of Harvard's play is not likely to differ materially from that exhibited by her team last season. Then she exploited in a most masterly fashion an all-round game in which kicking was an important factor. In this kicking game Houghton the tackle was dropped back to do the punting, not because he was the only kicker Harvard had, but because he had a most accurate and high kick which gave fairly good distance and enabled the ends to get down under it, and was a peculiarly difficult kick to catch. But Daly and Reid are both good kickers, so that Harvard is sure to be well supplied, and her success at this style of play was so satisfactory that it will be still further carried on this year. As Harvard returned last year from some of the more cumbersome and complicated attempts at interference to less elaborate but more practical methods, and with signal success, it is certain that her eleven will not go back this season to the theoretical in this respect. As to the system of defence, that may require more attention. Certainly it was pierced too often in the latter

part of the Yale game, and that, too, by a weak team, to make the Harvard coaches fully satisfied with it.

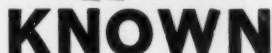
Harvard's schedule is being highly approved on all sides, and it may be especially adapted to the team which Harvard will put in the field this year. There is, however, this to be said for it, and that is, that it would not be thoroughly satisfactory unless the coaching is especially adapted to it. It has the disadvantage of being too easy in the early part of the season; and, unless the team is kept thoroughly up to their work by hard coaching, the results of the early games will certainly produce a feeling of confidence that may result in the letting down of the work, especially in that of the line-men. If the team is obliged to judge the merits of its interference by the way that interference performs in test games—and that is really the only way to get a sure measure—then one of the old difficulties of Harvard is likely to be renewed by this schedule, and that is the banking upon interference which is not compact enough or forceful enough when it goes against a vigorous and well-trained line of the first class. Harvard learned something of this through her experience in the Yale game at Cambridge two years ago, when the interference, which had worked well against smaller teams, was badly crumpled up and forced back against the runner by the onslaught of the vigorous Yale line.

Another thing that too easy a schedule in the first part of the season is likely to produce is a miscalculation on the part of the backs as to the time when they will find the line bearing forward. Too easy opponents makes a slow starting back field, and a slow starting back field brings defeat when placed against equal rivals.

WALTER CAMP.



PLANS OF THE NEW BUILDINGS OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA, DESIGNED BY E. BENARD OF PARIS AND WINNER OF THE TEN-THOUSAND-DOLLAR PRIZE—(See page 15)



**HAY'S
HAIR
BRINGS
BACK
BEAUTY**

FOR GOUT & RHEUMATISM
Use the Great English Remedy
BLAIR'S PILLS
Safe, Sure, Effective. 50c. & \$1
DRUGGISTS, or 224 William St., N. Y.

48 N. 8th St., Phila. Pa.



A MATTER FOR THE S.P.C.A.
 "Taukington is going to the dogs fast."
 "Humph! I don't envy the dogs."

Pure Whiskey
 Direct from
 Distiller to
 Consumer
\$3.20
 FOUR
 Full Quarts,
 Express Paid.
 Saves Middlemen's
 Profits. Prevents
 Adulteration.

FOR thirty
 years we
 have been
 distilling the
 best whiskey
 that can be
 made. Our rep-
 utation for
 making pure
 whiskey is as
 wide as Ameri-
 ca, and we have
 thousands of
 customers in
 every State in
 the Union.

Proposition:
 We will send
 you four full quart
 bottles of Hayner's
 Seven Year Old Double Copper Distilled
 Rye for \$3.20, Express Prepaid. We ship
 in plain packages—no marks to indicate
 contents. When you get it and test it,
 if it isn't satisfactory return it at our
 expense, and we will return your \$3.20.
 Such whiskey cannot be purchased else-
 where for less than \$5.00.

No other distiller sells to consumers
 direct. Others who offer you whiskey
 in this way are dealers buying and sell-
 ing. Our whiskey has the Hayner rep-
 utation behind it.

References—Third National Bank, any
 business house in Dayton, or Com-
 mercial Agencies.

THE HAYNER DISTILLING CO.,
 200-206 West Fifth St., DAYTON, OHIO.
 P. S.—Orders to Ariz., Colo., Cal., Idaho, Mont.,
 Nev., N. Mex., Ore., Utah, Wash., Wyo., must
 be for 30 qts., by freight prepaid.

PIMPLES

Blotches, blackheads, red, rough, and oily
 skin, red, rough hands with shapeless nails,
 dry, thin, and falling hair, and simple baby
 rashes prevented by CUTICURA SOAP, greatest
 of skin purifying and beautifying soaps, as
 well as purest and sweetest for toilet, bath,
 and nursery, because the only preventive of
 inflammation and clogging of the pores, the
 cause of most minor affections of the skin,
 scalp, and hair.

FOR HEADACHE
 and weak digestion
Horsford's Acid Phosphate
 has no equal.
 Genuine bears name Horsford's on wrapper.

LADIES TO DO PLAIN SEWING
 at home, \$1.50 per day, four months' work guaranteed.
 Send stamped addressed envelope for full particulars.
 R. W. Hutton & Co., Dept. 126, Philadelphia, Pa.

There is only one BEST, and
 you get it when you order

**Evans
 Pale Ale
 OR
 Brown Stout**

America's highest-grade brewings
 —The World's New Standard.
 The crowning success of a century
 of brewing and bottling.
 Worth buying and trying!
C. H. EVANS & SONS,
 HUDSON, N. Y.

Helmet Brand
**TWO
 FOR
 25c.**

LACONIA 2-4 in. ESSEX 2-2 in. CHANDON 2-1-8 in.
 LAKEWOOD 3-4 in. OPORTO 2-4 in. OTISCO 2-1-2 in.

For sixty years the name of Coon has
 stood for the best in Collars and Cuffs.
 We still combine the honest quality and work-
 manship of the old days with the style and
 fit of the new. Ask your dealer about it.

Send for CATALOGUE showing latest fall
 styles. Also correct dress for all occasions.

CORLISS, COON & CO. Dept. R.
 TROY, N. Y.

MONEY to patent good ideas may be secured by our
 aid. THE PATENT RECORD, Baltimore, Md.

ASTROLOGY DOES REVEAL YOUR LIFE
 As thousands testify. Send date of birth and life and prove
 it yourself. L. Thomson, Kansas City, Mo.

Fall Fashions Now On Sale
 IN ALL PRINCIPAL CITIES OF UNITED STATES AND CANADA.

Hawes
 Celebrated
\$3.00 ALPINE

Hawes
 Celebrated
\$3.00 DERBY

WHY PAY MORE? You can't get more style at any price.
 You can't get as much style for less price.

We guarantee the wearing quality of every Hat.

BROADWAY,
 Cor. 13th St.

Hawes Hat Co.
 NEW YORK

BROADWAY,
 Cor. 30th St.

Luncheons that Satisfy.

Beef Tea or Soup
 made from
Armour's
Extract of BEEF
 gives the fullness of a meal to
 luncheons, for the SCHOOL
 ROOM, OFFICE, or the
 HOME.

No trouble to make—a pinch of
 salt and pepper, a cup of hot
 water, and it is ready to serve.
 "CULINARY WRINKLES,"
 New Edition by
 HELEN LOUISE JOHNSON,
 Tells of the many uses of Extract of Beef,
 sent to any address on receipt of metal
 cap from extract jar.

Grocers and Druggists.
Armour & Company,
 Chicago.

INSURE IN...
 THE
TRAVELERS,
 OF HARTFORD, CONN.
OLDEST,
LARGEST,
 and **BEST.**

Life,
Endowment,
 and **Accident**
Insurance,
 OF ALL FORMS.

Health Policies.
 Indemnity for Disability caused by
 Sickness.

Liability Insurance.
 Manufacturers and Mechanics, Con-
 tractors, and Owners of Buildings,
 Horses, and Vehicles, can all be pro-
 tected by policies in THE TRAVELERS
 Insurance Company.

ASSETS, . . . \$25,315,442.46
Liabilities, . . . 21,209,625.36
EXCESS, . . . 4,105,817.10

J. G. BATTERSON, President.
 S. C. DUNHAM, Vice-President.
 JOHN E. MORRIS, Secretary.
 H. J. MESSENGER, Actuary.

SAVE \$8 to \$20
 on Your Suit or Overcoat

If you wish to be well dressed
 in every particular—Style, Cloth,
 Lining, Workmanship—in fact,
 everything that pertains to a
 perfect suit or overcoat at
NO MORE EXPENSE
 than if you wore ready-made
 clothes, send for

KRAMER'S SAMPLES OF
\$10 SUITS or
OVERCOATS
 All Wool Goods
 actually cut, trimmed and made
 to your order in any style. Fit
 guaranteed. We do not handle
 ready-made clothes, custom-
 made clothes, tailor-made
 clothes, as many houses adver-
 tise, but **Actually Make**
 each individual garment accord-
 ing to measure.

All our garments are strictly
 Merchant Tailor Made. Others
 are satisfied, so why not
 make use of our 23 years' ex-
 perience and have your clothes
 made by us.

Trousers \$2.50 and up. Full Dress Suits \$25 and up.
 Suits \$10 and up. Overcoats \$10 and up.

All garments sent C. O. D. with privilege of examina-
 tion and trying on before you pay for them.

We are the only exclusive merchant tailors in America
 that **prepay express charges. Five Reasons**
 Why we sell our Suits and Overcoats below others,
 with samples, fashion plate and tape measure **Free.**

KRAMER & CO. Adams Ex. Bldg.
 Dept. O, Chicago.

We also desire a responsible local representative in
 every City or Town where we are not already represented.

Vose
PIANOS

Established
48
 Years.
 Are unsurpassed in
TOPE
DESIGN
AND DURABILITY.
 Are Endorsed by
 LEADING ARTISTS,
 CONSERVATORIES
 and the PRESS—
 Awarded the
HIGHEST HONORS
 by the
 WORLD'S FAIR JUDGES.

By our system of
 payments, every family
 in moderate circum-
 stances can own a fine
 piano. We take old in-
 struments in exchange
 and deliver the piano
 in your house free of
 expense.
 Write for catalogue
 and full explanation.
 You can deal with us
 at a distant point the
 same as in Boston.

Vose & Sons Piano Co.
 158-160 Boylston St., BOSTON, MASS.

SIMPLE, ACCURATE, AND
EASILY ADJUSTED
POCKET CASH
REGISTER.

Every person
 who wishes to
 keep account of
 his or her Daily,
 Weekly, or
 Monthly ex-
 penses, can do so.
 Can be used as a
COUNTER for
GOLF, WHIST,
BASEBALL, Etc.

Its uses are innumerable. Made of Aluminum,
 weight one-half oz. Size of a silver dollar.
 Sent Postpaid, for 25c.—any address, U. S. or Can.
 Reference, Commercial Bank, Port Huron. U. S.
 Pat. Feb. 21st, 1899. Can. Pending. Address
CENTURY NOVELTY CO., DEPT. C
 PORT HURON, MICH., U. S. A.

Swiftest, Strongest
 Saves Most and Lasts Longest

Remington
 Standard Typewriter

WYCKOFF, SEAMANS & BENEDICT,
 327 Broadway, New York.

HAIR SWITCH 65 CENTS.

WE SELL HUMAN HAIR SWITCHES to match
 any hair at from 65c to \$3.25, the equal of
 switches that retail at \$5.00 to \$8.00.

OUR OFFER: to us, inclose a good sized
 sample of the exact shade wanted, and cut it
 out as near the roots as possible, inclose
 our special price quoted and 5 cents extra to
 pay postage, and we will mail the switch to
 match your hair exact, and send to you by
 mail, postpaid, and if you are not perfectly
 satisfied, return it and we will immediately
 refund your money.

Our Special Offer Price as follows: 3-oz. switch,
 20-in. long, long stem, 65c; short stem,
 20c; 3-oz. 22-in. long, long stem, \$1.25;
 3-oz. 22-in. long, short stem, \$1.50; 3-oz.
 24-in. long, short stem, \$2.25; 3 1/2-oz. 26-in.
 long, short stem, \$3.25. WE GUARANTEE
 our hair switches the highest grade on the
 market. Order at once and get these special
 prices. Your money returned if you are not
 pleased. Write for Free Catalogue of
 Hair Goods. Address,
SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO. (Inc.) Chicago.

to \$20

Suits or Overcoat

to be well dressed
cular—Style, Cloth,
manship—in fact,
hat pertains to a
overcoat as
EXPENSE
were ready-made
for

SAMPLES OF
SUITS or
OVERCOATS

ool Goods
trimmed and made
in any style. Fit
We do not handle
clothes, custom-
s, tailor-made
many houses adver-
tisingly Make
al garment accord-
re.
ments are strictly
for Made. Others
ed, so why not
our 22 years' ex-
have your clothes

Suits \$25 and up.
\$10 and up.
vilege of examina-
them.
tailors in America

Five Reasons
outs below others,
measure Free.

Bldg.,
ept. O. Chicago.
al representative in
ready represented.

se
NOS

system of
ts, every family
rate circum-
can own a fine
le take old in-
s in exchange
ver the piano
house free of

for catalogue
explanations
in deal with us
ain point the
in Boston.

no Co.
STON, MASS.

ACURATE, AND
ILY ADJUSTED
POCKET CASH
REGISTER.

Every person
who wishes to
keep account of
his or her Daily,
Weekly, or
Monthly ex-
penses, can do so.
Can be used as a
COUNTER for

, WHIST,
BASEBALL, Etc.
de of Aluminum.
er dollar.

ress, U. S. or Can.
ort Huron. U. S.
; Address
., DEPT. C
U. S. A.

ongest
Longest



gton
pewriter

BENEDICT,
York.

65 CENTS.

SWITCHES to match
\$.25, the equal of
to \$5.00.
ad out and send
close a good sized
wanted, and cut is
possible, inclose
ad 2 cents extra to
make the switch to
ad send to you by
are not perfectly
will immediately

News: 2-oz. switch
5C; short stem,
ort stem, \$1.25
m. \$1.50; 3-oz.
25; 3 1/2-oz. 35-in.
WE GUARANTEE
bet grade on the
ad get these special
rased if you are not
ree Catalogue of
O.(Inc.) Chicago.